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Gems of Magazines.

From the Ladies' Companion, for August.

The Cocoa-Nut Tree.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

Oh! the green and the graceful! the cocoa-nut tree!
The lone and the lofty—it loves like me
The flash—the foam of the heaving sea,
And the sound of the surging waves,
In the shore's unfathomed caves.
With its stately shaft, and its verdant crown,
And its fruit in clusters drooping down;
Some of a soft and tender green,
And some all ripe and brown between;
And flowers, too, blending their lovelier grace,
Like a blush thro' the tresses on Beauty's face.
Oh! the lovely—the free,
The cocoa-nut tree!
Is the tree of all trees for me!

The willow—it waves with a tender motion,
The oak and the elm with more majesty rise;
But give me the cocoa, that loves the wild ocean,
And shadows the hut where the island-girl lies.
In the Nicobar Islands, each cottage you see,
Is built of the trunk of the cocoa-nut tree;
While its leaves, matted thickly, and many times o'er,
Make a thatch for its roof, and a mat for its floor;
Its shells, the dark islander's beverage hold—
Like a goblet as pure, as a goblet of gold.
Oh! the cocoa-nut tree
That blooms by the sea,
Is the tree of all trees for me!

In the Nicobar Isles, of the cocoa-nut tree
They build the light shallop—the wild, the free;
They weave, of its fibres, so firm a sail,
It will weather the rudest southern gale;
They fill it with oil, and with coarse jaggree,
With arrack and coir, from the cocoa-nut tree.
The lone, the free,
That dwells in the roar
Of the echoing shore,
Oh! the cocoa-nut tree for me!

'Tis the cocoa-nut's milk and meat,
And its wine—the pure palm wine is sweet;
It is like the bright spirit we sometimes meet—
The wine of the cocoa-nut tree!
For they tie up the embryo bud's soft wing,
From which the blossoms and nuts would spring;
And thus forbidden to bloom with bloom,
Its native air, and with soft perfume,
The noble spirit that struggles there,
Made an essence more rich and rare,
Instead of a blossom and fruitage birth,
Its delicate palm-wine oozes forth.
All thus to the child of genius, too,
The rose of Beauty is oft denied;
Yet all the richer, that high heart, through
The torrent of Feeling pours its tide,
And purer and fonder, and far more true,
To the passionate soul, in its lonely pride.
Oh! the fresh, the free,
The cocoa-nut tree,
Is the tree of all trees for me!

The glowing sky of the Indian Isles,
Lovingly over the cocoa-nut smiles,
And the Indian maiden lies below,
Where its leaves their graceful shadow throw;
She weaves a wreath of the rosy shells,
That gem the beach where the cocoa dwells.
She binds them into her long black hair,
And they blush in the braids like rose-buds there;
Her soft brown arm, and her graceful neck,
With those ocean-blooms, she joys to deck.
Oh! wherever you see
The cocoa-nut tree,
There will a picture of beauty be!

Niagara, July, 1841.

From Graham's Magazine, for August.

The Reefer of '76.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CRUISING IN THE LAST WAR."

Cutting Out.

We had now been several months at sea, and, although our stores had been more than once replenished from the prizes we had taken, our provisions began to grow scarce. The skipper accordingly announced his intention of going into port. We bore up, therefore, for Charleston, that being the most convenient harbor.

My emotions on approaching the place where Beatrice resided, I shall not attempt to describe. A full year had passed since we had parted, and in all that time I had heard of her but once. Might she not now be married to another? The proverbial fickleness of her sex; the known opposition of her family to my suit; her uncertainty whether I still continued to care for her, or whether even I was yet alive; and a thousand other reasons why she might be unfaithful to me, rose up before me to torture me with doubts. But most of all, I reflected on our different situations in society. She was rich, courted, allied to rank—I was poor, unknown, and a rebel officer. Many a night as I lay in my solitary hammock, or trod my silent watch on deck, the fear that I might find Beatrice the wife of another, filled my soul with agony. And yet could I doubt her faith?

At length we entered Charleston harbor, and with a gentle breeze floated up toward the town. It was a moonless night, but the sky above was spangled with a thousand stars, and the low outline of the city before us glittered with myriads of lamps. The wind just ruffled the glassy surface of the bay, fanning us, as it swept by, with a delicious coolness. Here and there, on either shore, a light from a solitary house flickered through the darkness, while occasionally a sheet of summer lightning would play along the western firmament, where a low belt of clouds skirted the horizon, and hung like a veil above the city. Everything reminded me of the night when I had sailed up this same harbor with Beatrice. What had I not witnessed since then! The shipwreck, the battle, the hurricane, fire and sword, danger in every shape, almost death itself—I had endured them all. During that period where had been Beatrice! A few hours would determine.

With a beating heart, the next morning I sought the residence of Beatrice's uncle. How my brain swam and my knees tottered when I came in sight of the mansion which contained the form of her whom I loved! I had understood that the family, except one or two of the ladies of it, was out of town, and I burned with impatience to ascertain whether Beatrice was among the absentees. Yet my heart failed me when I came in sight of the residence of her uncle. I recollected the terms on which I had parted with Mr. Rochester, and I scarcely thought myself allowable in intruding on his hospitality in any shape. But, then, how else could I obtain an interview with Beatrice? Again and again I approached the door, and again and again I changed my mind and retired; but at length remembering that my conduct was attracting attention, and unable longer to endure my suspense, I advanced boldly to the portal, and knocked at the hall door. It was answered by a strange porter. With a fluttering heart I inquired for Miss Derwent. I felt relieved from a load of fear when informed that she was in town, and hastily thrusting my card into the man's hand, I followed him eagerly into the drawing-room. He disappeared, and I was alone.

Who can forget his emotions, when, after a long separation from the object of his love, he finds himself under the same roof with his mistress, awaiting her appearance! How he pictures to himself the joy with which the announcement of his arrival, especially if unexpected, will be received! He imagines every look that will be exchanged and every word that will be said at the moment of meeting. As the moments elapse, he imagines, however short the time may be, that the appearance of his mistress is unavoidably delayed, and a hundred fears arise, vague, unfounded, and but half believed, that perhaps her affection has grown lukewarm. Each successive instant of suspense increases his doubts until they amount almost to agony; and as a light footfall—oh! how well remembered!—breaks upon his ear, he almost dreads to meet her whom but an hour before he would have given worlds to behold. So was it now with myself. As minute after minute elapsed, and still Beatrice did not appear, my fears amounted almost to madness; and when at length I heard her light tread approaching, my heart began to beat so violently that I thought I should have fainted. Anxious to resolve my doubts, by observing her demeanor before I should be seen myself, I sprang into the recess of a window. As I did so, the door opened and Beatrice entered hurriedly, looking, if possible, more beautiful than ever. Her cheek was flushed, her step was quick and eager, and her eyes shone with a joy that could not be affected. She advanced several steps into the room, when, perceiving no one, she gazed inquiringly around, with a look, I thought, of disappointment. I moved from the recess. She turned quickly around at the noise, blushed over brow, neck and bosom, and, with a faint cry of joy, sprang forward, and was locked the next instant in my arms.

"Beatrice—my own, my beautiful!"

"Harry—dear Harry!" were our mutual exclamations, and then, locked in each other's embrace, for a moment we forgot in our rapture to speak.

At length we awoke from this trance of delight, and found leisure for rational conversation. Sitting side by side on the sofa, with our hands locked together, and our eyes looking as it were into each other's souls, we recounted our mutual histories since our separation. With mine the reader is already acquainted. That of Beatrice was naturally less chequered, but yet it was not without interest.

I have said that an alliance had been projected between Beatrice and her cousin, and that Mr. Rochester had placed his whole soul on the consummation of this project. The consciousness of my interest in the heart of Beatrice had induced their conduct toward myself, under the hope that if once separated from her, I would be eventually forgotten by Miss Derwent. Time, however, proved how false had been this hope. Instead of prospering in his suit from my absence, every day only seemed to make the success of her cousin more problematical. In vain her uncle persuaded; in vain he expostulated; in vain he lavished all his scorn on me as a beggar and a rebel—Beatrice continued unmoved; now defending me from every imputation, and now with tears giving up the contest, although unconvinced. The letter she received from me, by acquainting with my projected cruise, prepared her for the long silence on my part which had ensued; and although reports, no doubt originating with her persecutors, were circulated respecting my arrival in port, and the disreputable life I was said to lead, she remained faithful to me amid it all. Oh! what is like woman's love? Amid sorrow and joy; in sunshine or storm; whether distant or near; in every varied circumstance of life, it is the solace of our existence, the green spot amid the arid deserts of the world. Nothing can change it—nothing can dim its brightness. Even injury fails to break down the love of woman. You may neglect, you may abuse her, if you will; but still, with a devotion not of this earth, she clings to you, cheering you in distress, smiling on you in joy, and amply repaid if she only win in return one kind word, one look of approval. Thank God! that, fallen as we are, there is left to us that link of our diviner nature—the pure, deep, unchanging love of woman.

With what joy did I hear that Beatrice was still mine, wholly mine, and how ardently did I press her to my bosom, invoking her again and again to repeat the blessed words which assured me of her love! Hours passed away as if they had been minutes. And when at length I rose to depart, and, imprinting another kiss on her but half averted lips, took my leave with a promise to return again the ensuing morning, my astonishment passed all bounds to learn that noon had long since passed, and that the evening was almost at hand.

During the short time that we remained in port, I was daily with Beatrice, and when we parted she pledged herself to be mine at the end of another year, come what might. My heart, I will admit, reproached me afterwards for winning this promise from her, and inducing her to give up wealth and luxury for the bare comforts an officer's pay could afford; and yet her love was such a priceless gem, and she looked up to me with such unreserved devotedness, that I could not regret a vow which ensured me the right to protect her from the cold tempests of the world. Besides, we were both young and full of hope, and I trusted some fortunate event might occur which would yet allow us to be united with the concurrence of her friends.

"Uncle is suspected and watched by the colonial authorities," said Beatrice, as we parted, "and I fear me that he is linked in with some of those who have designs against the state. I tremble to think what might be his fate if detected in any conspiracy to restore the king's authority."

"Fear not, dearest," I replied, "I will interest Col. Moultrie in his favor, and besides, your uncle must see the danger of any such attempt at present."

"And yet I have fearful forbodings."

"Cheer up, sweet one, he has nothing to dread. But now I must go. God bless you Beatrice!" and I kissed her fervently.

She murmured something half inaudibly, returned my parting embrace with a sigh, and, while a tear stood in her eye, waved a final adieu with her handkerchief. In an hour the schooner had sailed.

We had been at sea but a few days, having run down the Bahamas in that time, when we spoke a French merchantman, and obtained from him the intelligence that an English ship, with a valuable cargo and a large amount of specie, was then lying at the port of ———, in one of the smaller islands. She was well armed, however, and carried the crew of a letter of marque. But the skipper instantly determined on attempting her capture. Accordingly, we bore up for the island within an hour after we had spoken the merchantman, and having a favorable breeze to second our wishes, we made the low headlands of the place of our destination just as the sun sank behind them into the western ocean. Not wishing to be detected, we hauled off until evening, spending the intervening time in preparing for the adventure.

The night was fortunately dark. There was no moon, and a thick veil of vapors over-head effectually shrouded the stars from sight. The seaboard was lined with dusky clouds; the ocean heaved in gentle undulations; and a light breeze murmured by, with a low soft music in its tone, like the whisper of a young girl to her lover. As the twilight deepened, the shadowy outlines of the distant land became more and more indistinct, until at length they were merged in the obscurity of the whole western firmament. No sound was heard over the vast expanse as we resumed our course, and silently stretched up towards the island.

It was nearly midnight when we reached the mouth of the harbor. All within was still. The town lay along the edge of the water, distinguishable by its long line of flickering lamps; while a dark mass on the left of the harbor betrayed the position of the battery guarding the port. One or two small coasting vessels were moored at the quay, and, a few cables' length out in the harbor, rode at anchor the merchantman. He was in part protected by the guns of the fort; but other means of defence were not forgotten, for his nettings were triced up, and he swung at his anchor as if springs were on his cables. A solitary lantern hung at his mast-head, throwing a faint radiance around the otherwise shadowy ship. Not a sound arose from his decks. Occasionally a low murmur would float down from the far-off town, or the cry of the sentry at the fort would rise solemnly on the still night air; but except these faint sounds, at long intervals apart, a deep unbroken silence buried the whole landscape in repose.

"Pipe away the boats' crews," said the skipper, when, everything having been planned, we had steered our craft under the shadow of the huge cape, and now lay in our quiet nook, hidden from observation.

The boatswain issued his summons almost in a whisper, and the men answered with unusual promptness. In a few minutes the boats were manned, and we were waiting with muffled oars for the signal. We lingered only a moment to receive the last orders of the captain, when, with a whispered "give way," the gallant fellows bent to the oars, and we shot from the schooner's side. In a few moments she was lost in the gloom. I watched her through the gathering night, as spar after spar faded into the obscurity, until at length nothing could be seen of her exquisite proportions but a dark and shapeless mass of shadow; and at length, when I turned my eyes in her direction again, after having had my attention for a moment called away, even the slight outline of her form had disappeared, and nothing but the gloomy seaboard met my eye.

The night was now so dark, that we could scarcely see a fathom before us; but guided by an old salt who had been brought up on the island, and knew the harbor as accurately as a scholar knows his horn book, we boldly kept on our course. As we swept around the headland, we perceived that the town, so lately alive with lights, was now buried in a profound darkness. The solitary lantern, however, still burned at the fore-peak of the Englishman, like a star hanging alone in the firmament, to guide us on our way. Every eye was fixed upon it as we rapidly but noiselessly swept up towards the merchantman. The fort was buried in gloom. The other vessels in the harbor lay hidden in the palpable obscurity ahead. No sound was heard, no object was seen, as we moved on in our noiseless course. At length the huge hull of the merchantman began to be indistinctly visible upon our starboard bow, and, lying on our oars for a moment, we held a short, eager consultation of our future course. It was soon, however, terminated. As yet we remained undiscovered, and as the slightest accident might betray us, not a moment was to be lost if we would surprise the foe. It had been arranged that I should dash into the larboard side of the Englishman, while the two other boats should attack him simultaneously on his starboard bow and quarter; and accordingly, as my companions sheered off, I gave a whispered order to my men to pull their best, and the next instant we were shooting with the rapidity of an arrow right on to the foe.

The instant preceding the attack is always a thrilling one. You know not but that in a few minutes you may be in eternity, and as yet you are not carried away with that reckless enthusiasm which, in the heat of the contest, makes you insensible to every thing but the struggle. On the present occasion I felt as I had never felt before. The odds against us were fearful, for the ship was admirably defended, and we had every reason to believe that her crew outnumbered our own. As I looked around on my men, I saw more than one hardy veteran cast an uneasy glance at the foe. But it was no time now to pause. We had scarcely pulled a dozen strokes, and were yet some distance from the ship, when the sentry from her quarter cried out, "Boat ahoy!" and then perceiving that we still advanced, he fired his piece and gave the alarm. I saw the moment for action had come. Disguise was now useless. Instantaneously I forgot the feelings which had just been passing through my mind, and, like a war-horse starting at a trumpet, I sprang up in the stern sheets, and waving my sword aloft, shouted,

"Give way, my lads—give way, and lay us aboard the rascals—with a will, boys—pull!"

As if fired with an enthusiasm which nothing might resist, my gallant fellows sprang to their oars with renewed vigor at my words, until the oaken blades almost snapped beneath their brawny arms; and we were already within a few fathoms of the ship's quarter when a volley from the merchantman hit the stroke-oarsman in front of me, and he fell dead across the thwart. The boat staggered in her course. I could hear our companions surging but a short distance behind, and I burned to be the first to mount the enemy's deck.

"On—on!" I shouted; "pull for your lives, my lads—pull, pull!"

A thundering cheer burst from the brave vetrans, as they bent with even redoubled power to their task, and with a few gigantic strokes sent us shooting upon the quarter of the foe. Waving my sword above my head, I sprang at once up the ship's side, calling on my crew to follow me. They needed not the invocation. The boat had scarcely touched the vessel before every man, cutlass in hand, was clambering over the side of the foe; and in an instant, with one simultaneous spring, old and young, officer and men, we tumbled in upon the enemy. And like men they met us. It was no child's play—that conflict! Fearfully outnumbering us, apprised of and ready for our onset, fighting on their own decks too, and knowing that succor was at hand from the fort even in case of defeat, the crew of the Englishman met our attack with an unbroken front, giving back blow for blow and shout for shout. Short, wild and terrific was the conflict. Conscious of the vicinity of the other boats, the enemy wished to overcome us before we could be succored; while we strugled as desperately to maintain our footing until aid should arrive. But our efforts were in vain. Pressing on to us in dense, overpowering numbers, and hemming us in on every quarter but that by which we had boarded the ship, they seemed determined to drive us into the ocean pell-mell, or slaughter us outright. No quarter was asked or given. Man after man fell around me in the vain attempt to maintain our footing. Already I had received two cutlass wounds myself. Our ranks were fearfully thinned. Yet still I cheered on my men, determined rather to die at bay than surrender or retreat. But all seemed in vain. Three several men had already fallen before my arm, and the deck was slippery with the blood of friend and foe; yet the enemy did not appear to lessen in numbers. As fast as one man fell another filled his place. Despair took possession of us. I saw nothing before us but a glorious death, and I determined that it should be one long after to be talked of by my countrymen. All this, however, had passed almost in a minute. Suddenly I heard a cheer on the starboard bow of the enemy, and as it rose clear and shrill over all the din of the conflict, I recognised the Fireflies clambering over the ship's side in that direction.

"Huzza! the day's our own!" I shouted, in the revulsion of feeling. "Come on, my lads, and let us hew the scoundrels to the chine!" and, with another wild huzza, I dashed like a madman upon the cutlasses of the foe. My men followed me with the fury of a whirlwind. Wild, terrible, overpowering was that charge; fierce, desperate and relentless was the resistance. The scene that ensued eternity will not eradicate from my memory. Hand to hand and foot to foot we fought, each man striving with his opponent conscious that life or death depended on the issue: while swords clashed, pistols exploded, shouts rent the air, and blood flowed on every hand as if it had been water. Now the foe yielded, and now we retired in turn. Swaying to and fro, striking around pell-mell, thrusting, parrying, hewing, wrestling in the death-grip, or hurling the fallen from our path, now clearing our way by main force, and now breaking the enemy's front by a deceptive retreat, we succeeded at length in driving the foe back in a broken mass on their assailants from the bow. Then they rallied, and, with the fury of tigers at bay, returned to the charge. If ever men fought like demons, they did. As they grew more and more desperate, they fairly howled with rage. Their curses were terrific. God help me from ever witnessing such a sight again! I saw that it only needed another vigorous charge to complete their defeat, and rallying my little band around me once more, though every man of them was wounded, we dashed on to the foe, determined to cut our way through to our friends, or drive the enemy down the hatchway.

"Once more, my boys, once more—huzza for liberty!—on!"

"Come on, ye rebel knaves!" growled the leader of the British, and striking at me with his cutlass, to challenge me to a single combat, he roared, "Take that, ye hell-hound." One of my men sprang to my aid.

"Back—back!" I shouted, "leave him to me."

"Ay, God's curse be on you—" but his words were lost in the clash of the conflict. For a moment I thought he was more than my match, but his very rage overreached itself, and failing to guard himself sufficiently, he exposed his person, and the next instant my sword passed through his body. He fell backwards without a groan. His men saw him fall, and a score of weapons were pointed at me.

"Down with him—hew him to the ground," roared the British.

"Hurrah for Parker!—beat back the villains!" thundered my own men, and the contest, which had paused during the combat between the fallen chief and myself, now raged with redoubled frenzy, the whole fury of the enemy being directed against myself. I remember shouts, curses, and groans, the clash of cutlasses and the roar of fire-arms, and then comes a faint memory of a sharp pain in my side, succeeded by a reeling in my brain, and a sensation of staggering, as if about to fall. After that all is blank.

When I recovered my senses, I was lying on the quarter deck, while the cool night breeze swept deliciously over my fevered brow, and my ears were soothed with the gentle ripple of the waters as the ship moved on her course. A solitary star, struggling through a rent in the clouds overhead, shone calmly down on me. I turned uneasily around.

"How are you, Parker!" said the voice of the lieutenant, approaching me. "We are nearing the schooner rapidly, when you'll have your wound attended to—I bandaged it as well as I could."

"Thank you," I said faintly. "But have you really brought off the prize?"

"Ay, ay," said he, laughing, "we got off, although they hurled cannon balls around us like sugar-plums at a carnival in Rome. Never before did I run such a gauntlet. But the sleepy fellows did not get properly awake until we had made sail—had they opened their fire at once, they might have sent us to Davy Jones' locker in a thrice."

"And the enemy's crew?"

"All snug below hatches, every mother's son of them. They fought like devils, and came within an ace of beating us. But, faith, yonder is the old schooner. Ship, ahoy!"

We were soon aboard. My wound proved a serious, though not a dangerous one, and for several weeks I was confined to my hammock.

From the Lady's Book for August.

Birthday Stanzas to a Friend.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Be happy.—Many a year hath fled,
Since first thine infant sigh
Brought gladness to thy parents' heart,
And rapture to their eye.
Yet each hath taught the speaking brow
New beauties to reveal,
And all have spar'd to touch the grace,
That time is prone to steal.

Be happy.—Many a joy hath sprung
And blossom'd at thy tread,
And every sweet affection flung
Its wreath around thy head;
And may the year that now for thee
Unlocks its garner'd store,
Pour richer treasure on thy soul,
Than all that went before.

Be happy.—Many a thought of love
To thee doth fondly turn;
And at thine image, many a breast
With grateful incense burn;
So, therefore, on thy birthday morn,
O'er leagues of land and sea,
This lay, warm-springing from the heart,
Doth wing its way to thee.

London, 1841.

From the Ladies' Companion, for August.

Manoeuvering;

Or, First and Second Love.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

"Is that the doctor's gig, Mary! Quick, arrange these pillows, and throw that rose-colored shawl on the arm of the sofa—not there, you stupid creature; fling it carelessly, so that it may reflect its faint glow upon my cheek."

The speaker was a delicate and pretty woman, who in the dim light of a judiciously shaded apartment, seemed to have scarcely numbered her five and twentieth summer, though the broad glare of daylight might have discovered the fact that some *ten* additional years could be counted among her past possessions. Reclining on a couch, supported by lace-bordered pillows, with the folds of her white dress so disposed as to display the symmetry of her figure, while one small and delicately slippered foot was allowed to peep out as if by accident, she really looked exceedingly interesting. Hastily concealing the novel she had been reading, and assuming the languid air of habitual suffering, she awaited the entrance of the doctor, whose footsteps were already heard upon the stairs. As he approached she raised her eyes timidly to his face, then practised that quivering of the veigned and fringed lids, which a Juno-eyed woman can so well perform, and finally dropped the long lashes over her dark-blue eyes, as modestly as a maiden of fifteen. It was, in reality, a very pretty piece of acting, and such the doctor seemed to consider it, for he stood calmly beside her, and not until all these little manoeuvres had been effected, did he attempt to feel her pulse, or inquire into her state of health.

"Ah, doctor, you are very good to come so promptly," said the patient, "I have had such a wretched night, that I could no longer dispense with your advice. You must come and see me every day, my dear sir. Your presence does me almost as much good as your prescriptions."

The doctor bowed gravely. "You flatter me madam. Perhaps your fears induce you to magnify your own danger as much as you do my skill."

"No, doctor, I feel that my hold upon life is exceedingly frail; a disease like mine may prove fatal at any moment."

"What do you suppose your disease to be, madam!"

"Ah, you want to inspire me with hope by your question, but your kind artifice cannot deceive me, doctor. Your are doubtless aware that I have an affection of the heart!"

"An affection of the spleen, rather," thought the doctor, as he gravely replied—"I am not aware of the existence of any symptoms which can warrant you in forming such an opinion."

"Alas, my dear sir, the symptoms cannot be mistaken—palpitations of the heart, frequent fits of tremulousness, constantly recurring attacks of nervous agitation, lowness of spirits, and loss of appetite, are certainly tokens of ill-health."

"Yet, these symptoms might be attributed to many other causes besides the serious one you have mentioned. Change of air, exercise, constant occupation both of mind and body, would probably remove all the ailments which alarm you."

"I wish I could think so, but alas!

'Who can minister to a mind diseased,
Or pluck from memory a rooted sorrow?'"

The doctor was busily engaged in counting the lady's pulse and did not choose to hear her pathetic remark.

"You have a very good pulse," said he, "depend upon it you are only a little nervous."

"Allow me to ask you one question, Doctor Selwyn, do you not think that a physician, in whose hands we place our very life, and who is responsible for the priceless gift of existence, should be made fully acquainted with the state of his patient!"

"Certainly, madam," replied the doctor, arching his heavy brows as he spoke.

"Then you must permit me to encroach upon your valuable time for a few minutes, for the history of my disease is the history of myself. I will not dwell on the details of my early life, with those you are already acquainted, since you cannot have forgotten the beautiful scenes of Woodlands where we were so long companions in youth. Alas! it were better for us sometimes if we could cease to remember early scenes and early friendships."—The widow sighed and cast down her eyes, a tear was glittering on the fringed lids as she raised them to the doctor's face, but no answering emotion met her timid glance. He had taken out his snuff-box, and was, at that moment, helping himself to an enormous pinch, so that he had lost the fine effect of a tearful blue eye. Mrs. Merton continued—

"You are probably aware of the persuasion which my parents used to induce me to wed Mr. Merton. He was a man whose character I will not attempt to depict—the grave has closed over his faults and it is not for me to sit in judgment upon his memory. Suffice it to say, that he possessed no feeling or sentiment congenial with my own. Sordid, avaricious, narrow-minded and jealous, he could neither understand nor appreciate the character of the warm-hearted, enthusiastic creature, who, in the fulness of her heart, suffered herself to be persuaded into a union with age and ugliness and wealth."

The doctor gave a loud hem! and took a second pinch of snuff. Mrs. Merton sipped some *eau sucre* from a Venice glass which stood on an *ormolu* table beside her, and continued—

"During the ten years of my married life I suffered the most cruel of all martyrdoms, for it was the martyrdom of the spirit. Mr. Merton never ill-treated me in the usual sense of the term, he allowed me to indulge to a certain extent in the pleasures of society, and surrounded me with what are called the comforts of life, but alas! for the poison that mingled its deadly draught with every cup of enjoyment he could provide no antidote.—Unity of feeling and reciprocal affection were wanting, and without these, what are all the richest treasures of earth!" The pretty widow paused for a moment, and pressed her perfumed handkerchief to her eyes, while the doctor fidgetted on his chair, and let his cane fall rather heavily upon the floor. She was not slow to perceive these evidences of agitation in the eccentric bachelor, and fancying she had made an impression, she hastened to conclude.

"Will you be at any loss, my dear doctor to conceive how such a state of feeling should produce disease of the heart. The mind acts fearfully upon the physical frame, and the continual bickerings, the constant disquiet, the total absence of sympathy, which I suffered, threw me into a state of nervous agitation, which has now led to habitual illness. I have now given you as exact a statement of my case as I dare trust myself to describe. If I have concealed from you one sorrow, the heaviest and most heart-rending of all—a sorrow which has weighed upon me from the days of my earliest womanhood, and added its unutterable bitterness to my wretched lot—if I have hidden from you one secret recess in my heart—you will, I trust, forgive me—that deep cell of memory must never be revealed to mortal eye—and *least of all to yours*."

Completely overcome by her emotion the widow buried her face in the pillows while she extended one fair hand to the imperturbable doctor, but whether to have the pulse counted or the fingers pressed, we cannot undertake to determine. Doctor Selwyn, however, never forgot his business—he grasped the wrist instead of the soft rosy palm, and thrusting his box into his pocket, he rose to leave the trembling patient.

"Your present agitation convinces me, madam," said he, "that you are a little nervous; allow me to recommend a few drops of sal volatile in a glass of water. I will call again to-morrow, since you desire it, and this afternoon I will send you an asafoetida pill, which you will be so good as to take upon going to bed."

With these words the doctor bowed and withdrew, but as he descended the richly-carpeted stairs, there was a lurking smile on his usually grave countenance, while an arch expression of merry malice glittered in his dark eyes.

"An asafoetida pill," exclaimed Mrs. Merton, starting up from her graceful attitude of grief, as the hall-door closed behind the doctor "an asafoetida pill indeed! upon my word, Harry Selwyn has become a perfect brute. Well, well, patience must do what one stroke cannot accomplish. He loved me in the days of his early youth, and I do not despair of winning him yet. Oh, if *forethought* were only as wise a counsellor as *afterthought*, how many errors we should avoid in this world. Who could have dreamed that Harry Selwyn, the playmate of my childhood, the awkward college-boy who made love to me so fervently and yet so pedantically, would ever have become the favorite of a fashionable coterie! Fifteen years have passed away since we were romantic lovers—alas! for the flight of time—yet it seems to me but yesterday since I wandered with him around the lovely scenes of his native Woodlands. I wonder if he ever felt resentment towards me for the sudden disruption of our intimacy—it is true, we were not bethrothed, but every thing that love could dictate, save the mutual vow which binds heart to heart for life, had been uttered; and this only remained unspoken because Harry was too poor to wed. Ah, me! my soul used to vibrate to his voice, as it has never done since to any joy or sorrow in existence.

'No more—no more—oh, never more on me
The freshness of the heart can fall like dew!'

The pure fancies of girlhood have long since been forgotten amid the glittering gauds of worldly vanity. I chose my own course, and if my path has been one of thorns, it has at least led me to the hill-top which I sought. I sacrificed the best years of my life for gold, and now my gold and my still fair face shall win back the lover of my youth. I will bear the honored name of him whom men delight to praise, and now, though my youth be past for ever, I will slake, from the long sealed fountains of affection, the thirst which has been to me a life-long pang."

While the widow remained thus buried in that pleasant sort of revery which blends pensive recollection with bright anticipation, the doctor was driving rapidly through the crowded streets, making amends by increased speed, for the time which he had wasted on the fair victim of sensibility. He possessed too much acuteness not to perceive her designs upon him, and the recollection of past scenes only seemed to add a tinge of bitterness to the contempt which they excited. At that period of life when the passions of early manhood blend themselves with the pure fresh feelings of the boy, he had renewed a childish intimacy with the beautiful girl, and had yielded up his whole soul to the impulses of a first affection. But he was no match for his lady-love in worldly wisdom. *His* life had been spent in the study of books—*hers* in the acquisition of the *"arts of design,"* as taught in a fashionable boarding-school. She had entered society with every disposition to become an accomplished coquette, and the enthusiastic collegian was an excellent subject for her first attempt. Whether owing to her inexperience in the delicate science, or to his noble qualities of character, we cannot say, but she certainly committed the great mistake of allowing her affections to become somewhat involved. It was the triumph of nature over art, but as she never again, in the whole course of her life, was guilty of a similar error, the most zealous votaries of worldliness may excuse this single instance of deviation into the path of truth. Beautiful and vain, she had determined to run a brilliant career in the circles of fashion, and she well knew that the vista which ambition opened before *her* could not be terminated by "love in a cottage." For more than a year, she made the young student her sport and tool, practising upon him the arts which she afterwards exercised on a wider field, and learning, from her influence over his true heart, the extent of woman's power. Then—when her hour of vain triumph came—she turned coldly from all his love, and plunged into the gayeties of society, without one sensation of remorse for the crushed and blighted feelings over which she had trampled in her course. After exhausting the enjoyment which she found in the admiration of the butterflies of fashion, she accepted the richest of her suitors and took up her abode in one of the gayest of our Atlantic cities. There she became distinguished for ostentatious display, while it was whispered that her cold indifference embittered her husband's life, and drove him to intemperance as a resource from domestic discomfort. His death finally released her from the responsibility of those duties which she had so carelessly performed, and she found herself a widow with greater joy than she had looked upon herself as a bride. She obtained, by recourse of law, the dowry which his will had denied her, and removing to another city, she determined to carve out a new path to notoriety. To her surprise, she found her old lover established in wealth and fame, and the idea of gratifying her early affection, together with her present ambition, soon suggested itself. With all her wealth, there was one charmed circle into which the widow could find no entrance—"the exclusives"—those ephemera, who having but a day to exist, bask in the sunshine of fashion as gaily as possible—remembering that Mr. Merton, her late husband, had commenced life as a Chatham-street pawnbroker, and therefore she must not be admitted to the society of *the elite*, who had been all their lives trying to forget their honest mechanic progenitors. Dr. Selwyn, however, the lineal descendant of one of the original patentees of the land, possessed of a moderate fortune, fine talents, skill in his profession, musical taste, considerable eccentricity, and being withal a *bachelor*, found ready access into all circles. The B——'s and the C——'s, who looked with contempt on Mrs. Merton's emblazoned carriage and liveried footmen, delighted to engage Doctor Selwyn at their parties; and the most aristocratic of our republican damsels was proud of receiving a bow from the courtly physician. These things first awakened Mrs. Merton's recollection of long forgotten *"love passages."* She consulted her mirror, and she did not see any thing to make her despair, but she did seem to be aware of the fact that it is easier to awaken a new flame than to rekindle an extinguished one. The charms which, in their rich maturity, might have won many a boyish heart, were powerless when directed against a case-hardened bachelor on whom rested the experience of some forty years. Yet, unconscious of the difficulty she should encounter, she determined to attack him with such a variety of weapons that some one among them must take effect. As a physician, she prepared for him the artifice of failing health and undoubted dependence upon his skill—as a *"ci-devant jeune homme,"* she offered the fascinations of extreme deference and attention—the most subtle of all flatteries to those who are falling into "the sear and yellow leaf,"—as to a man of sensibility she exhibited to him delicately shadowed pictures of past enjoyments, and dimly traced visions of future happiness—and to the lonely bachelor, whose celibacy her vanity attributed to his early disappointment, she meant to lift the veil which shrouded her heart of hearts, and disclose to him a glimpse of secretly cherished affection which had outlived time and change and even marriage.

The inimitable Dickens tells us that "there are two sorts of people who despise the world—those who feel that the world does not appreciate them, and those who receive the homage of society while conscious of their own worthlessness." The worthy Doctor belonged decidedly to the former class, for, although wealth and honor had fallen to his lot, he knew that they had been bestowed by accident rather than by a sense of justice in society. He remembered his early struggles with poverty and neglect, and he knew that he owed his rise less to the talents than to the lucky chance which enabled him to rescue from a disgraceful death a member of a rich and fashionable family. His knowledge of their secret secured him their patronage, and such was the foundation of his future fortune. He was aware, too, that, even now, he was estimated rather because he was "the fashion," than on account of his really noble qualities, and therefore it was that he concealed his warm feelings beneath the veil of cold politeness, and garbed his originality of mind in the rude attire of eccentricity. But his early disappointment had given a coloring to his whole life, for it had taught him a lesson of distrust which he never forgot. Whatever might be his faith in man, he had none in the truth of woman. He looked upon the whole sex but as so many puppets in a rare show, moved by the secret springs of avarice or interest—set up to be admired for a while and then sold to the highest bidder.

The Doctor pondered long over the palpable affectation of the widow, and with an inward chuckle, anticipated the final disappointment of her plans; but he determined to humor her whim, and while he kept himself quite free, to observe her skilful manoeuvres. He was still full of such thoughts when he entered one of those abodes of poverty, to which his charity led him much more frequently than he allowed the world to know. A young girl who had broken her health by the arduous labors of the needle, and was now on the brink of the grave, with a pulmonary attack, was the object of his present attention. She was only a poor sempstress, the mother, for whom she had long toiled, had recently died, and there was none left to feel interest in the dying girl. She was neither gifted nor beautiful—she gave him neither golden fee nor sweet looks, and yet the Doctor felt her gratitude a full reward for his daily visit to the poor patient. He was musing upon the strange events of fortune and character which his profession enabled him to study, and as he ascended the creaking stairs, he could not but contrast the luxurious apartment he had just left, with the bare floor and uncurtained bed which now met his view. He no longer found his patient alone, however. A female, whose loose wrapper concealed her figure, while a close cap shaded her features, was her companion, and engaged in administering some nourishment as he entered. She immediately disappeared however behind a screen which stood across the room, and he gave no further thought to the matter except to congratulate the patient upon having found a friend to attend her. A faint flush crossed the cheek of the pale girl as he took a seat beside her and uttered the words of soothing kindness. He felt that the hour had come when the physician's saddest and severest duty was to be performed, and he did not shrink from the task. Gently but firmly he acquainted her with her true condition, and warned her that, though the dart of death might remain suspended for many days, yet she must fall beneath it ere another moon had waxed and waned. He quieted her agitated feelings, awakened her mind to higher thoughts, and while he strove to detach her hopes from earth, he endeavored to fix them upon the rock of ages. He reasoned with her, he sympathised with her, he opened the pages of the Sacred Scriptures, and read with thrilling pathos the lofty promises, the winning persuasions of the Book of Faith. Who would have believed that he, who thus smoothed the pillow of disease and death for the child of poverty, was the same being who, among the prosperous and happy, appeared so cold, so unimpassioned, so almost heartless! He little knew that one of the very beings whom he so much contemned, now listened to his words with breathless wonder and interest.

Clara Leslie, though not beautiful, was pretty enough and rich enough to have shone as a belle in society, had not her intellectual and moral nature elevated her beyond the paltry distinction. Her undeviating rectitude, her frank truthfulness of character, and her superiority of mind had made her rather feared than loved in the circles to which she belonged; so that though she had reached her eight and twentieth year, she was still Miss Leslie. Even her bankstock and improved real estate could not embolden a man of fashion to seek the incumbrance of so much plain-speaking integrity and clear-headedness in a wife, while Clara, never having seen any one with whom she would have felt willing to pass her life, was quite content to find herself verging on *"old-maidism."* She was called eccentric because she dressed plainly, kept no carriage, and never danced, and having obtained the reputation upon such slight grounds, she took advantage of it to pursue her own course, without regarding the gossip of a coterie. She had conceived a great dislike to Doctor Selwyn, because she believed him to be acting a part foreign to his character, though what that character really was, she was unable to discover. His bland courtesy could not blind her to his real contempt of the sex, and, on several occasions, when some of his courtly compliments had contained a lurking sarcasm, he had been made to feel the sting of woman's wit from the lips of Miss Leslie. Of course he had but little liking for her, and although she interested him by the blunt honesty with which she uttered her opinions, yet, probably, had each been asked to depict the character of the other, the portrait would have been any thing but flattering. Yet in one respect a great similarity existed between them. Clara Leslie was a creature of the most benevolent feelings, and the haunts of misery re-echoed to her footsteps far more frequently than did the halls of mirth. She did not pour her alms into the shallow and widely diffused stream of *associated charities*, but she visited in person the abode of want, and saw with her own eyes what was needed by the sick, the destitute and the sorrowing. She supplied *just what was required, just at the proper time*. She provided not only for the physical but also for the moral necessities of the poor, for she well knew that food, and clothes, and fuel, were often valueless unless proffered by the kind voice of sympathy. This was the person, who shrouded from recognition by her coarse garb and the dimly lighted room, had taken her station by the bedside of the humble sempstress, and ministered to her wants until a proper nurse could be procured. This was she who had listened to the pure precepts of religion, and the tender soothings of kindness, from the lips of the fashionable doctor.

Weeks passed away, while Doctor Selwyn, occupied in his usual round of duties, paid his daily visits to the fair widow and to the dying sempstress. The widow grew no better; her "affection of the heart," seemed to threaten a fatal result to somebody, but whether to the patient or the physician remained yet to be decided. In the mean time the young girl gradually declined until life was but as the glimmer of a wasted lamp—then, and not 'till then, when the worn and wearied spirit of the suffering invalid rendered her so nervous and irritable, that only the constant presence of her kind benefactress could quiet her restless excitement—did Doctor Selwyn first learn that the patient and devoted nurse of the poor sufferer, was the eccentric, the sarcastic, the haughty Clara Leslie.

"My dear doctor, why did you not come last night? I really was afraid I should not live to see the light of another day. Did you not receive my note?" said Mrs. Merton, faintly, as Doctor Selwyn entered the room.

"What is the matter, madam, has any unfavorable change taken place since yesterday morning?"

"Alas! I fear so. I have been dreadfully excited. Old Mrs. Sowerby came to see me yesterday afternoon, and some of her ill-natured gossip agitated me to such an excess, that I have scarcely slept. The palpitation of my heart is frightfully increased, and I have not been able to overcome my faintness long enough to dress."

The doctor looked at the lady's lace cap, curled locks and ruffled morning dress, and silently felt her pulse.

Mrs. Merton continued—"I wish that woman would not come here with her ridiculous stories—will you believe, doctor, she told me you were actually going to be married that queer old maid, Clara Leslie! It was too preposterous for belief, but the mere surmise excited me to a degree almost fatal to my poor nerves. Do allow me, my dear sir, to contradict the report on your own authority."

"You have my authority, madam, for stating that I do not *anticipate* any such union," said Doctor Selwyn, quietly.

"I knew it—I knew it!" exclaimed Mrs. Merton, quite forgetting her faintness, as she rose to an upright position. "Oh, doctor, if you only knew how easily I am excited on a subject which—which—lies so near my heart—if you could but know what I felt when I heard that you were about to waste the rich treasure of your affections upon that cold-hearted creature. Forgive me—I know not what I say. Heavens! you look agitated," (the doctor was trying to repress a smile,) "have I betrayed my long-hidden feelings! Oh, forgive me—forget what I have said—alas! I am fearfully bewildered!"

All this was said with the prettiest air of excitement in the world; the upturning of her soft and tearful eye—the clasping of her small hands—the heaving of her agitated bosom—even the slight dishevelment of her long tresses, all added grace and beauty to the picture, for Mrs. Merton knew just at what point to stop, and never allowed *elegant sensibility* to run into the excess of vulgar emotion. Tears are apt to make the nose red, and therefore Mrs. Merton's weeping was confined to a gentle suffusion of the large blue eye, while her gentle sighs never degenerated in plebeian sobs. Burying her face in her cambric handkerchief, she appeared quite overcome with her feelings.

"Do not suffer yourself to be thus agitated, my dear madam," said the doctor gravely, while a mischievous smile lurked on his lips, "be assured I shall not misinterpret the feelings which lead you to be so much interested in my welfare. I came this morning with the intention of making a communication to you on the subject, which will set all idle reports at rest for ever."

Mrs. Merton started and looked timidly in his face. "He is going to offer himself," thought she, as she suffered her hand to fall *accidentally* upon his arm.

The doctor rose, and taking the lady's unresisting hand, said—"You have not only my authority, dear madam, for contradicting the report of my being *engaged* but I will also give you a full and sufficient reason for its falsity—I was, last evening, *actually married* to the lady in question. Miss Leslie is now Mrs. Selwyn, and as the carriage which is to bear us to Woodlands is now waiting my return, allow me to offer you—*my adieus*."

From the Northern Light.

A Forest Nook.

BY ALFRED B. STREET.

A nook within the forest; overhead
The branches arch, and shape a pleasant bower,
Breaking white cloud, blue sky, and sunshine bright
Into pure ivory and sapphire spots,
And flecks of gold; a soft, cool emerald tint
Colors the air, as though the delicate leaves
Emitted self-born light. What splendid walls,
And what a gorgeous roof carved by the hand
Of glorious Nature! Here the spruce thrusts in
Its bristling plume tipp'd with its pale-green points;
The hemlock shows its border freshly fring'd;
The smoothly scallop'd beech leaf, and the birch
Cut into ragged edges, interlace;
While here and there, through clefts, the laurel hangs
Its gorgeous chalices half-brimmed with dew,
As though to hoard it for the haunting elves
The moonlight calls to this their festal hall.
A thick, rich, grassy carpet clothes the earth,
Sprinkled with autumn leaves. The fern displays
Its fluted wreath beaded beneath with drops
Of richest brown; the wild-rose spreads its bosom
Of delicate pink, and the o'erhanging fir
Has dropp'd its dark, long cone.
The scorching glare
Without, makes this green nest a grateful haunt
For summer's radiant things; the butterfly
Fluttering within and resting on some flower
Fans his rich velvet form; the toiling bee
Shoots by, with sounding hum and mist-like wings;
The robin perches on the bending spray
With shrill, quick chirp; and like a flake of fire
The red-bird seeks the shelter of the leaves.
And now and then a flutter overheard
In the thick green betrays some wandering wing
Coming and going, yet concealed from sight.
A shrill, loud outcry—on yon highest bough
Sits the gray squirrel in his burlesque wrath
Stamping and chattering fiercely; now he drops
A hoarded nut, then at my smiling gaze
Buries himself within the foliage.
The insect-tribe are here: the ant toils on
With his grain burthen; in his netted web
Gray glistening o'er the bush, the spider lurks
A close-crouch'd ball, out darting as a hum
Tells his trapp'd prey, and looping quick his threads,
Chains into helplessness the buzzing wings.
The wood-tick taps his tiny muffled drum
To the shrill cricket-fife, and swelling loud,
The grasshopper his grating bugle winds.
Those breaths of Nature, the light fluttering airs
Like gentle respirations, come and go,
Lift on its crimson stem the maple leaf,
Displaying its white lining underneath,
And sprinkle from the tree-tops golden rain
Of sunshine on the velvet sward below.
Such nooks as this are common in the woods
And all these sights and sounds the commonest
In Nature when she wears her summer prime.
Yet by them pass not lightly: to the wise
They tell the beauty and the harmony
Of e'en the lowliest things that God hath made.
That His familiar earth and sky are full
Of his ineffable power and majesty.
That in the humble objects, seen too oft
To be regarded, is such wondrous grace,
The art of man is vain to imitate.
That the low flower our careless foot treads down
Is a rich shrine of incense delicate,
And radiant beauty, and that God hath form'd
All, from the mountain wreathing round its brow
The black cars of the thunder, to the grain
Of silver sand the bubbling spring casts up,
With deepest forethoughts and severest care.
And thus these noteless, lowly things are types
Of his perfection and divinity.

Albany.

From the U. S. Magazine, for August.

Death in the School Room.

A Fact.

Ting-a-ling-ling!—went the little bell on the teacher's desk of a village-school one morning, when the studies of the earlier part of the day were about half completed. It was well understood that this was a command for silence and attention; and when these had been obtained, the master spoke. He was a low thick-set man, and his name was Lugare.

"Boys," said he, "I have a complaint entered, that last night some of you were stealing fruit from Mr. Nichols' garden. I rather think I know the thief. Tim Barker, step up here, sir."

The one to whom he spoke came forward. He was a slight, fair-looking boy of about fourteen; and his face had a laughing, good-humored expression, which even the charge now preferred against him, and the stern tone and threatening look of the teacher, had not entirely dissipated. The countenance of the boy, however, was too unearthly fair for health; it had, nothwithstanding its fleshy, cheerful look, a singular cast as if some inward disease, and that a fearful one, was seated within.—As the stripling stood before that place of judgment, that place, so often made the scene of heartless and coarse brutality, of timid innocence confused, helpless childhood outraged, and gentle feelings crushed—Lugare looked on him with a frown which plainly told that he felt in no very pleasant mood. Happily a worthier and more philosophical system is proving to men that schools can be better governed, than by lashes and tears and sighs. We are waxing toward that consummation when one of the old fashioned school-masters, with his cowhide, his heavy birch-rod, and his many ingenious methods of child-torture, will be gazed upon as a scorned memento of an ignorant, cruel, and exploded doctrine. May propitious gales speed that day!

"Were you by Mr. Nichols' garden-fence last night?" said Lugare.

"Yes, sir," answered the boy; "I was."

"Well, sir, I'm glad to find you so ready with your confession. And so you thought you could do a little robbing, and enjoy yourself in a manner you ought to be ashamed to own, without being punished, did you?"

"I have not been robbing," replied the boy quickly. His face was suffused, whether with resentment or fright, it was difficult to tell. "And I didn't do anything last night that I'm ashamed to own."

"No impudence!" exclaimed the teacher passionately, as he grasped a long and heavy ratan: "give me none of your sharp speeches, or I'll thrash you till you beg like a dog."

The youngster's face paled a little; his lip quivered, but he did not speak.

"And pray, sir," continued Lugare, as the outward signs of wrath disappeared from his features; "what were you about the garden for? Perhaps you only received the plunder, and had an accomplice to do the more dangerous part of the job?"

"I went that way because it is on my road home. I was there again afterward to meet an acquaintance; and—and—But I did not go into the garden, nor take any thing away from it. I would not steal,—hardly to save myself from starving."

"You had better have stuck to that last evening. You were seen, Tim Barker, to come from under Mr. Nichols' garden-fence, a little after nine o'clock, with a bag full of something or other, over your shoulders. The bag had every appearance of being filled with fruit, and this morning the melon-beds are found to have been completely cleared.—Now, sir, what was there in that bag?"

Like fire itself glowed the face of the detected lad. He spoke not a word. All the school had their eyes directed at him. The perspiration ran down his white forehead like rain-drops.

"Speak, sir!" exclaimed Lugare, with a loud strike of his ratan on the desk.

The boy looked as though he would faint. But the unmerciful teacher, confident of having brought to light a criminal, and exulting in the idea of the severe chastisement he should now be justified in inflicting, kept working himself up to a still greater degree of passion. In the mean time the child seemed hardly to know what to do with himself.—His tongue clave to the roof of his mouth. Either he was very much frightened, or he was actually unwell.

"Speak, I say!" again thundered Lugare; and his hand grasping his ratan, towered above his head in a very significant manner.

"I hardly can, sir," said the poor fellow faintly. His voice was husky and thick. "I will tell you some—some other time. Please to let me go to my seat—I ain't well."

"Oh yes; that's very likely;" and Mr. Lugare bulged out his nose and cheeks with contempt.—"Do you think to make me believe your lies? I've found you out, sir, plainly enough; and I am satisfied that you are as precious a little villain as there is in the State. But I will postpone settling with you for an hour yet. I shall then call you up again; and if you don't tell me the whole truth then, I will give you something that 'll make you remember Mr. Nichols' melons for many a month to come:—go to your seat."

Glad enough of the ungracious permission, and answering not a sound, the child crept tremblingly to his bench. He felt very strangely, dizzily—more than if he was in a dream than in real life; and laying his arms on his desk, bowed down his face between them. The pupils turned to their accustomed studies, for during the reign of Lugare in the village-school, they had been so used to scenes of violence and severe chastisement, that such things made but little interruption in the tenor of their way.

Now, while the intervening hour is passing, we will clear up the mystery of the bag, and of young Barker being under the garden-fence on the preceding night. The boy's mother was a widow, and they both had to live in the very narrowest limits. His father had died when he was six years old, and little Tim was left a sickly emaciated infant whom no one expected to live many months. To the surprise of all, however, the poor child kept alive, and seemed to recover his health, as he certainly did his size and good looks. This was owing to the kind offices of an eminent physician who had a country-seat in the neighborhood, and who had been interested in the widow's little family. Tim, the physician said, might possibly outgrow the disease; but every thing was uncertain. It was a mysterious and baffling malady; and it would not be wonderful if he should in some moment of apparent health be suddenly taken away. The poor widow was at first in a continual state of uneasiness; but several years had now elapsed, and none of the impending evils had fallen upon the boy's head. His mother seemed to feel confident that he would live, and be a help and an honor to her old age; and the two struggled on together, mutually happy in each other, and enduring much of poverty and discomfort without repining, each for the other's sake.

Tim's pleasant disposition had made him many friends in the village, and among the rest a young farmer named Jones, who with his elder brother, worked a large farm in the neighborhood on shares. Jones very frequently made Tim a present of a bag of potatoes or corn, or some garden vegetables, which he took from his own stock; but as his partner was a parsimonious, high-tempered man, and had often said that Tim was an idle fellow, and ought not to be helped because he did not work, Jones generally made his in such a manner that no one knew any thing about them, except himself and the grateful objects of his kindness. It might be, too, that the widow was loath to have it understood by the neighbors that she received food from any one; for there is often an excusable pride in people of her condition which makes them shrink from being considered as objects of "charity" as they would from the severest pains. On the night in question Tim had been told that Jones would send them a bag of potatoes, and the place at which they were to be waiting for him was fixed at Mr. Nichols' garden-fence. It was this bag that Tim had been *seen staggering* under, and which caused the unlucky boy to be accused and convicted by his teacher as a thief. That teacher was one little fitted for his important and responsible office. Hasty to decide, and inflexibly severe, he was the terror of the little world he ruled so despotically. Punishment he seemed to delight in. Knowing little of those sweet fountains which in children's breasts ever open quickly at the call of gentleness and kind words, he was feared by all for his sternness, and loved by none. I would that he were an isolated instance in his profession.

The hour of grace had drawn to its close, and the time approached at which it was usual for Lugare to give his school a joyfully-received dismission. Now and then one of the scholars would direct a furtive glance at Tim, sometimes in pity, sometimes in indifference or inquiry. They knew that he would have no mercy shown him, and though most of them loved him, whipping was too common there to exact much sympathy. Every inquiring glance, however, remained unsatisfied, for at the end of the hour, Tim remained with his face completely hidden, and his head bowed in his arms, precisely as he had leaned himself when he first went to his seat. Lugare looked at the boy occasionally with a scowl which seemed to bode vengeance for his sullenness. At length the last class had been heard, and the last lesson recited, and Lugare seated himself behind his desk on the platform, with his longest and stoutest rattan before him.

"Now, Barker," he said, "we'll settle that little business of yours. Just step up here."

Tim did not move. The school-room was as still as the grave. Not a sound was to be heard, except occasionally a long-drawn breath.

"Mind me, sir, or it will be the worse for you. Step up here, and take off your jacket!"

The boy did not stir any more than if he had been of wood. Lugare shook with passion. He sat still a minute, as if considering the best way to wreak his vengeance. That minute, passed in death-like silence, was a fearful one to some of the children, for their faces whitened with fright. It seemed, as it slowly dropped away, like the minute which precedes the climax of an exquisitely-performed tragedy, when some mighty master of the histrionic art is treading the stage, and you, and the multitude around you are waiting, with stretched nerves and suspended breath, in expectation of the terrible catastrophe.

"Tim's asleep, sir," at length said one of the boys who sat near him.

Lugare, at this intelligence, allowed his features to relax from their expression of savage anger into a smile, but that smile looked more malignant, if possible, than his former scowls. It might be that he felt amused at the horror depicted on the faces of those about him; or it might be that he was gloating in pleasure on the way in which he intended to wake the poor little slumberer.

"Asleep! are you, my young gentleman!" said he; "let us see if we can't find something to tickle your eyes open. There's nothing like making the best of a bad case, boys. Tim, here, is determined not to be worried in his mind about a little flogging, for the thought of it can't even keep the little scoundrel awake."

Lugare smiled again as he made the last observation. He grasped his ratan firmly, and descended from his seat. With light and stealthy steps he crossed the room, and stood by the unlucky sleeper. The boy was still as unconscious of his impending punishment as ever. He might be dreaming some golden dream of youth and pleasure; perhaps he was far away in the world of fancy, seeing scenes, and feeling delights, which cold reality never can bestow. Lugare lifted his ratan high over his head, and with the true and expert aim which he had acquired by long practice, brought it down on Tim's back with a force and whacking sound which seemed sufficient to awake a freezing man in his last lethargy. Quick and fast, blow followed blow. Without waiting to see the effect of the first cut, the brutal wretch plied his instrument of torture first to one side of the boy's back, and then on the other, and only stopped at the end of two or three minutes from very weariness. But still Tim showed no signs of motion; and as Lugare, provoked at his torpidity, jerked away one of the child's arms, on which he had been leaning over on the desk, his head dropped down on the board with a dull sound, and his face lay turned up and exposed to view. When Lugare saw it, he stood like one transfixed by a basilisk. His countenance turned to a leaden whiteness; the ratan dropped from his grasp, and his eyes, stretched wide open, glared

as at some monstrous spectacle of horror and death. The sweat started in great globules seemingly from every pore in his face; his skinny lips contracted, and showed his teeth; and when he at length stretched forth his arm, and with the end of one of his fingers touched the child's cheek, each limb quivered like the tongue of a snake; and his strength seemed as though it would momentarily fail him. The boy was dead. He had probably been so for some time, for his eyes were turned up, and his body was quite cold. The widow was childless too. Death was in the school-room, and Logan had been flogging a corpse. W. W.

SATURDAY POST.

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Acknowledgment.

We give our thanks to a large number of the subscribers of the Post, for the very handsome manner in which remittances have been made to us, for some time past, and for the quality of the funds, in which they have been made. We shall endeavor on our part to do justice to them in turn.

A word to those still in arrears. We shall be much obliged for a speedy settlement, as the volume is now opened, and we wish to start, unincumbered by *back balances*. Let the accounts all be settled up, and we will take a *fair* start together and see who shall first tire in the race. *We shall continue to issue a splendid paper.*

Gems of the Magazines.

We omit, this week, the publication of an Original Story, in order to devote the whole of our two outside pages to *The Gems of the American Magazines for August*. This is a feature which will give the present number of the Post unrivalled popularity, the public can thus obtain the choicest articles from the Magazines almost, if not quite, as soon as they would if they were subscribers to the several periodicals from which we have made extracts.

New Postmaster.

George H. Wilson has been appointed Postmaster at Germantown, Pa., in the room of George Hergesheimer, Jr., Esq.

Mr. Wilson entered upon the duties of his office, on Monday.

It is said, by those who know Mr. Wilson, that this is an excellent appointment, and must give general satisfaction.

☞ Messrs. Bradbury & Soden, of Boston, Mass., will forward the names and subscription money of any of our Eastern friends wishing to subscribe for the Saturday Evening Post.

Case of McLeod.

It is now generally conceded that this individual will be tried at Utica at an early day, when his guilt or his innocence will be determined by a legal tribunal. The general opinion has been lately in favor of his innocence, but if the facts in the following passage from a speech recently delivered in Congress, by Mr. Ingersoll, of this city, be true, the contrary would seem to be the case.

"Let me add, sir," says Mr. I., "as a circumstance of just importance and aggravation in the case, that, contrary to this miscreant's oath since he has become alarmed, and contrary to the reiterated intimacy of British diplomacy and American concession, McLeod is guilty. I am assured, on the best authority—it might be indelicate in me here to name the gentleman from whom I derive my information, but he is a citizen of New York, of the highest standing and character, whose name I have not the least objection to give to any gentleman that may think proper privately to ask me for it—that there are seven or eight unimpeachable witnesses, who depose that they were present on the Canadian side, and saw McLeod, with arms in his hands, embark with the rest of the banditti, who crossed over from Canada with the avowed purpose of capturing the Caroline. These same persons were present when, together with the other captors, he returned still armed, and with some of the booty, and heard him then utter the foolish and wicked boast that he had helped to kill the Yankees.—Such I am informed is the proof of his guilt. That of his innocence proceeds, I am assured by the same authentic source, from the testimony of two women of bad character, a mother and her daughter, who undertook to prove an *alibi*."

In connection with this, and in order to show what are the feelings and views of some of the loyal patriots across the line, we present our readers with the following *morceau*, cut from the New Brunswick British American, published at St. Johns. The warlike effusion is entitled

Hurrah! To Rescue of Noble McLeod.

To the rescue, Canadians, and Britons, too, bold
Shall the Lion of England be bearded and told,
By the base and the cowardly Yankee, that he,
If he wills it, shall murder a son of the free!
By the blood of our fathers! can this be allowed?
No! up to the rescue of gallant McLeod!

Yes! up with your standard, and quick cross the flood
Ere the flag of the pirate soaks patriot blood
They're cowards and cravens, your work will be short
Hurrah! for the first who shall lead to Lockport
Ye Champions of Loyalty! come in a crowd!
Rouse up! to the rescue of gallant McLeod.

Across the wide waters we chaunt you this cheer,
Would our persons were with you as hearts are all here;
But though bound the Atlantic, on both sides its wave
Gallant hearts ever beat for the gallant and brave;
And who swear by high Heaven! the President proud
Shall wipe out the blood of the murdered McLeod.

Like the pirate ship's timbers, may Buffalo blaze—
From the soil of Columbia their capital raze;
Aye! onwards! no quarters! they're trembling with fear,
And brave hearts never quailed 'fore the base buccaneer.
Make deadly reprisal for murdered McLeod.

Really this warlike individual must think himself, as Sir Andrew Aguecheek says, very "cunning of fence," or he would not thus "breathe slaughter and vengeance" against the poor Americans. However, we hope the coming winter will cool his ardor. Certainly, if McLeod is innocent, there will be little chance of the warlike demonstrations which this fellow seems so much to favor.

Military Encampment.

It is proposed to hold a military encampment at York, in this State, on the 24th August next, and the Gazette of that place says it promises to be the largest ever held in the State. Companies from various counties in the State, Dauphin, Cumberland, Adams, Lancaster, Chester, Columbia, Northampton, and from the city of Baltimore, sufficient to constitute an immense military assemblage, have already signified their intention to be present. It is expected also that some of the best companies of Philadelphia will add their numbers. The encampment will be under the command of Major Hambright, of Lancaster. The Governor of the Commonwealth and aids—the Adjutant General—Maj. Gen. Robert Patterson, of Philadelphia city, and aids—Maj. Gen. Samuel Alexander, of Cumberland, and aids—Gen. Provost and Gen. Goodwin, of Philadelphia, and General Keim, of Reading, have already accepted the invitation of the committee. At a recent encampment in Ohio, troops from that State, Kentucky, Virginia and Pennsylvania assembled together, and made one of the most imposing displays ever seen there. The encampment at York promises to be equally brilliant in its character.

Apprentices' Library.

This Institution has been established on a permanent foundation, without many appeals to public sympathy, and has for a long time been the source of immense advantage to society by affording wholesome reading to a class of youth whose previous position was, so far as it regards mental improvement, greatly to be deplored. The foundation of this valuable Institution is now permanently laid, and nothing is wanted but increase of means to extend to every apprentice in the city the advantages which have been so profitably supplied to a portion.

Without attempting any account of the rise, progress, and present means of usefulness of the Apprentices' Library, we would invite citizens to look at the new arrangements and the new location; and if all is, as we are sure it will be found, full of usefulness, then we need not suggest, because the *thing* itself will suggest, the propriety of increasing the means of doing good.

The Library is now kept in the second-story of the "Free Quaker Meeting House," corner of Fifth and Arch street, and we understand that the moderate rent demanded for the excellent room is, by permission of the Trustees of the Church, to be expended in books for the Library.

Wooden Pavements.

We have often wondered why the wooden pavements laid down in our city are not as durable as those laid down in other cities, here and on the continent of Europe. In Russia these pavements remain for years, and even in Boston they seem more durable than in Philadelphia. The London Chronicle of a late date observes: The wood pavement in front of White-hall has now been used more than two years, and succeeds admirably. Some days ago a considerable portion of it was raised to make an alteration in the gas-pipes, and the bed of concrete on which the wood rests, and the pins which unite the blocks, were found as entire and sound as when the pavement was laid down. The abrasure which has taken place on the wood for the two years does not exceed the eighth of an inch.

All this proves certainly the superiority of the manner in which the blocks are laid in Europe. Cannot equal skill be procured in Philadelphia?

Naval Apprentices.

We had an opportunity of witnessing, not long since, the evolutions of the boys on board the North Carolina at New York, and we never were more forcibly impressed with the utility of the naval apprenticeship system than on that occasion. Mr. Paulding has had many charges brought against him in his capacity of Secretary of the Navy, but if he had done nothing else than formed this system, he would deserve well of his country.

It has long been a subject of reproach to this nation that not only her merchant vessels, but her men-of-war, are manned chiefly by foreigners,—and English writers have even vauntingly remarked that our naval victories in the last war were attributable to the bravery of aliens to our soil. As long, too, as the great body of our seamen are foreigners, the same taunt will be thrown in our faces. But though the evil has been deplored by some of the ablest pens in the country, and though the very remedy, which has at length been applied, was suggested years ago, it was reserved for the late Secretary of the Navy to put in active operation the present laudable plan of training apprentices for sea.

But, however, beneficial this system may prove as a school for native seamen, there is another light in which it can be viewed, with equal, if not more, gratification.

There is, in all our great cities, a lamentable number of boys, whom either early destitution, or a want of proper moral culture, has initiated into the ways of vice.—These youth require a vigorous discipline to rescue them from crime. It is the interest of the state, moreover, to undertake this reformation; for if left to themselves they will eventually become hardened villains, and thus be a tax on the State. Philanthropic institutions have accordingly been founded in which to receive young offenders, and Houses of Refuge, erected for this purpose, rear their heads in most of our States. They have only, however, partially succeeded. The reason is—they go but half way. They cut off the youthful criminal from society, but they leave a stigma on him from which he can never escape. He goes out, it is true, at the proper age, provided with a trade; but in the eyes of too many he might as well have come from the Penitentiary. He is suspected, shunned, and insulted, until in many cases, he is driven again to crime, out of the sheer impossibility of obtaining the countenance necessary to success in an honest livelihood.

Take these unfortunate individuals however, and, instead of shutting them up in a House of Refuge, place them as apprentices in one of our men-of-war. Their situation is totally altered. They are no longer subject to insult—they are no more regarded as little better than felons. Separated from the rest of mankind, they exist in a little world of their own, where discipline, instead of being a mark of degradation, is a part of the every-day routine of life. The consequences are soon perceptible in the altered demeanor of the boy. He no longer views himself as an object of reproach. He finds, open before him, a road to an honorable employment, with nothing to shut him out, if he wishes it, from obtaining the highest rank in the service. Give the same moral culture to a boy in such circumstances, which you would bestow on an inmate of a House of Refuge, and—our word for it—the result will establish the superiority of ships of war as schools for the reformation of juvenile offenders. At the same time, too, that this is going on, a body of seamen will be training up for the Navy, who may, in case of a war, do good service for their country.

The Florida War.

We learn from the National Intelligencer, that information has been received at the Department of War from Col. Worth, commanding the Army in Florida, of a very favorable character.

It appears that, by means of Co-a-coo-che, (Wild Cat,) a celebrated Chief, and for some time prisoner of war at Tampa Bay, sixty of his uncaptured band were approaching that place the 30th ultimo, (July,) to be emigrated with their Chief, and it was known that the remainder were gathering to follow. A break had also been made into Sam Jones's band, seventeen of whom were received at Tampa the 19th. Besides the parties which scoured the borders of the Ochlawaha, the Withlacoochee, and the smaller streams which empty into the Gulf, about the beginning of July, and which destroyed many plantations of corn and villages, and made some prisoners, other detachments have since been put in motion, and made to penetrate the most secret haunts of the Indians with equal good effect. Again, an important operation commenced about the 25th of July, against Sam Jones in the everglades—one detachment of troops moving from the side of the Atlantic, and another from the west—results yet unknown.

Col. Worth is sanguine that, in a few months, with the means given by the Department of War and expected, he will be able to finish this long protracted contest. Every thing, no doubt, may be expected from him which skill, valor and perseverance can accomplish.

Christianity and Science.

Some distinguished clergymen of Albany, have devised a plan for the spread of Civilization and Christianity in India. The agents to be employed are the microscope and telescope. One of the greatest obstacles to the spread of Christianity in that country, has been occasioned by the conflicting opinions of the missionaries and Brahmins on mere questions of natural science, and the latter will receive no instructions from those they believe to be ignorant of the laws of the heavenly bodies. The Telescope will dispel the popular error among them that the moon is swallowed up by a great fish. Their religion also forbids the use of animal food. The microscope, by showing them that all nature teems with animal life, will prove the impossibility of a strict compliance with that rule. A philosophical apparatus has been prepared for the use of the missionaries, which will doubtless prove as effectual in their hands as the idea was ingenious.

Trade on the Schuylkill.

The number of vessels arriving on the Schuylkill front of the city, has been unusually large of late. Within three days, ending on Saturday week, they amounted to one hundred and thirty-five brigs, schooners and sloops. The Coal trade has caused this rapid increase of business, and it is gratifying to see the activity and bustle which is daily manifested along the wharves in loading vessels with the "*Black Diamonds*" of Schuylkill county. The coal trade was not fairly commenced this season until the middle of May, since which period the receipts from the Schuylkill region alone amount to about 190,000 tons. We estimate the quantity of coal which will be received by the Schuylkill Canal alone this season at five hundred and twenty-five thousand tons, which at the present wholesale prices, say five dollars and a quarter per ton, will yield the handsome sum of *two millions seven hundred and fifty-six thousand two hundred and fifty dollars*.

Swamp Lands.

We are glad to see from several papers that the State of North Carolina, is likely to reap a rich reward by the draining of the Swamp lands. The Wilmington Chronicle says, from fifteen to twenty thousand acres will be ready to be brought into market in the course of three months. In fact the Board of Internal Improvements at its recent visit to examine the progress of the drainage works, made sale of several hundred acres, at five dollars per acre, which sum it is supposed will be the minimum price. The cost of drainage cannot exceed one dollar and a quarter per acre, leaving the balance as clear profit to the State. The quantity which it is expected to reclaim altogether is estimated at sixty thousand acres.—The Board directed experiments to be made on a portion of the recovered land with various kinds of seeds, in order that the public may be enabled to judge of the capacity of the soil.

The Eclipse.

The total eclipse of the moon took place yesterday morning—says the U. S. Gazette of Tuesday—just as the astronomers told us it would, although they did not tell us that there would be such a clear atmosphere. We never saw a more beautiful night—the soft light of the moon lay on the ground like the mother smiles upon the face of her infant, and up above all was clear. The few stars that were seen in the light of a full moon seemed like tapers in the windows of heaven; and the shadow of the earth in the midst of all this, came across the moon to dim its lustre and diminish the beauty below; but as the light faded away from the earth, new lustres sprung into sight in the heavens; and so they say it always is—as the beauties of earth fade away, those of heaven meet our eye and compensate for our loss.

Temperance.

The Temperance Reform, says the Trenton State Gazette, is making great progress throughout this part of the Union. Its triumphs in Patterson are most remarkable. More than 1100 signatures to the pledge have been obtained there. The Intelligencer says "we question whether there is now a town in the State which can boast of a more sober, quiet and industrious population than our own. Nearly all who but a short time since spent most of their time in idleness about taverns and other places of resort, have become steady and industrious citizens, and are busily employed in their daily vocations, while their families, who formerly suffered for the want of the necessaries of life, are now made comfortable and happy."

Dearth and Fall of Manna.

According to a late English paper, despatches from Turkish Armenia, received at Constantinople, state that a copious fall of manna took place at Aleppo and its neighborhood, on the 3d of May. The manna, which is in fact a tasteless seed, that becomes white like flour after being kept awhile, fell to the depth of two inches. Samples of it were to be chemically analyzed at Constantinople. What adds to the singularity of the circumstance is, that a great dearth was prevailing at the time.

Sea Bathing.

One of our friends, who has just returned from the sea-shore, speaks in the highest terms of the establishment of Benjamin Woolley, about two miles below Long Branch. The situation of the house is excellent, being embowered in trees, and having an extensive locust grove in the rear. The *surf* is but a short ride distant. Mr. Woolley is the most obliging of hosts, and ever ready to accommodate his guests not only in the house, but in providing facilities for any excursion they may wish to take. The table is excellent, and the company select. For fishing, sailing, or bathing, the place is unrivalled. In short, those who wish to spend a few weeks on the sea-shore, apart from the noise and dissipation of life, cannot do better than patronize our obliging host, Friend Woolley.

Pennsylvania Canal Tolls.

The Keystone says, notwithstanding the continued depression of business, and the entire loss of tolls on the Delaware Division, since the opening of the navigation in the Spring, (owing to breaches) the revenue from the canals and railroads of Pennsylvania exhibits an increase over the collections of last year. From the 1st of November till the 22d of July, the receipts have amounted to $709,878 01; same period last year, $685,469 76. Increase this season $23,408 25. The tolls on the Delaware Division, in 1840, for the same period that the navigation thereon had been suspended the present year, amounted to $46,070: so that but for this interruption, the increase would have been at least $70,000.

New York State Credit.

A few days since, (says the Albany Argus,) the State officers invited sealed proposals for a loan of some $300,000. Offers were made by a house in New York, of $94½ in cash for each 100 dollars of stock, and the proposition was accepted.

In 1833, the State obtained a premium of $17½ on each $100 of similar stock issued at that time.

This shows a depreciation of State credit, since 1833, of a fraction more than 22 per cent.

The difference to the State, on the amount to be borrowed this year, between the rates of 1833 and the present price of State stock, amounts to $1,300,000.

The State Loan.

On Monday, the holders of the Pennsylvania State Loan, received their half yearly dividends at the Bank of Pennsylvania. We rejoice to find that the plighted faith of our native State has not again been tarnished. It may be agreeable to many persons to learn, that nearly $600,000 have already been provided to meet the payment of the next half yearly dividend, falling due in February, 1842. This is as it should be. The credit of the great State of Pennsylvania, the Keystone of the Federal Arch, should be preserved inviolable.

Suspension in Michigan.

The Attorney General of Michigan, Z. Platt, Esq., in answer to a call for his opinion respecting the operation of the Suspension Law, passed last winter, says that having had no information that any bank had complied with the provisions contained in the eighth section of said act, he is therefore of opinion that "no bank or branch bank in the State of Michigan is now in a state of legalized suspension."

Flour and Tobacco.

According the Baltimore Sun, the inspection of flour in that city last week amounted to 8,528 bbls. and 165 half bbls. wheat flour; 76 bbls. rye do, and 24 half bbls. corn meal. During the same time there were inspected 888 hhds. of tobacco—of which 545 were from Maryland, 324 from Ohio, and 19 from Kentucky.

Canada.

The Montreal Messenger says—"We have been informed that the delicate state of Lord Sydenham's health is such as to render it advisable, if not absolutely necessary, that he should return to England; he will leave early in September, and if a change of Ministry shall have previously taken place, it is probable that Lord Canterbury will succeed him.

Jottings of Travel.

The Red Rover—Newport Bay at Starlight—The old stone Mill—Description of it—Theories respecting its origin—Fallacious opinion of the Providence Journal, &c. &c.

Newport, R. I. August 3d, 1841.

Here we are, again on classic ground, made so, however, by the pen of fiction, and not by the wrongs of the red man. As we gaze from the window of our hotel, the scenes of the Red Rover rise up vividly before us, and we almost catch our eye wandering out into the harbor, to look for the silent and mysterious slaver.

We came here, from Providence, with a gay party of friends. Our conveyance—will you believe it?—was a whale-ship, fitted out for a three years' cruise, and on the point of sailing for the Pacific. She was formerly a liner, and her cabins will, to use a cockney phrase, "cut a swell" off New Zealand. A gay time we had of it on our passage down. The wind, at starting, was fair, but toward noon it fell a dead calm, and we lay motionless on the water, our sails hanging idly from the yards, and the tide scarcely rippling against our sides. It was twilight before we came to anchor off Newport, when the boats were ordered out to carry us ashore. Never shall I forget that evening. The night was clear and lustrous; the bay was placid as a lake at noonday; and as we glided along, no sound broke the witching stillness of the hour, except the measured dip of the oars, and an occasional boat song from one of our party. Before us lay Fort Adams, grand vast, and frowning; while on either side grimly looked out, from the opposite shores, the ruined forts it was erected to supplant. At length we shot past the breakwater, and were soon landed, and in comfortable quarters at our inn. After a hearty supper, and a resolution to rise betimes, in order to visit the beach before breakfast, we parted for the night, but alas! not to sleep. Our rooms were all small, and insufferably close. Instead of mattresses we were furnished with feather beds, and on these we were compelled to toss the livelong night, in vain courting sleep. At length, however, toward daylight we fell into a doze, completely exhausted or want of rest. You may fancy we were in little humor to rise when the servant came to call us. For our part we positively refused to stir. However, when we heard that the ladies were actually up, and dressed for their excursion, we were forced to rise "*nolens volens*," and putting the best face on the matter we could, we sallied forth. It was by this time too late to think of visiting the beach before breakfast—so we compromised with ourselves, and went to see the old mill.

Ever since the publication of the Red Rover, the old mill of Newport has been quite a lion; and no man would think of visiting the town without having examined this ruin critically, and given his opinion on the vexed question, whether the structure is in reality a mill, a building erected by the Indians, or a relic of the Northmen, who in the eleventh century visited this coast. For our part we are something of an antiquarian, and withal a great stickler for old traditions. We always favor antiquity if it is possible. Let us, therefore, examine the claims of the ruin. And first for a description.

This singular building then is in shape a circular tower, supported on open arches, about eight feet high, and constructed of common unhewn stones, generally small in size, and laid with the narrowest edge horizontally. We can give no better idea of the appearance of the masonry than by comparing it to that of a cellar wall, such as is in common use in all our large cities. The stone used is generally of a slaty character, split into fragments a foot long, and four or five inches thick. The cement is of a peculiar kind, however, and is now hardened to the consistency of granite. The height of the whole structure is about twenty-five or thirty feet, and the top is level, as if a roof had once been placed there. One or two small windows, or rather loop-holes, pierce the surface of the wall. The architecture of the tower is certainly of the rudest kind. The building is religiously preserved by Governor Shelby, on whose land it is situated, for the tower is not only protected by a paled fence surrounding it, but the field, in which it stands, is enclosed by a high wall, the gate of which is kept constantly locked. Such is the general appearance of the structure. Now for the question; who were its architects?

Were we disposed to quiz the good people of these United States, we could write an elaborate argument, replete with antiquarian love, to prove that this tower was constructed by the Northmen,—and, we venture to assert, our article would contain as much logic, and be quite as plausible, as ninety-nine out of a hundred, of the papers issued by learned societies to establish the antiquity of some favorite ruin. We could argue that the architecture is of the rudest kind; that the style of the building resembles that of the feudal towers of the middle ages; that its massive character betokens that it was built to endure for centuries; that the arches are semi-circular after the Saxon or Teutonic style; that it stands in the immediate vicinity of the spot where it is now proved that the Northmen landed and spent a winter, and that it is highly improbable that they would have made such an important discovery as that of a new continent, and lived several months on it, without leaving behind some memorial of their presence. All this, and much more, we could enlarge upon with no little plausibility. But we will not do it, because we discredit the whole hypothesis. We do not believe the tower was built by the Northmen, and we do not believe any man in his senses can think so. One thing alone is sufficient to overthrow this theory, and that is, the impossibility that such a structure should survive, *in the damp climate of Newport, the revolutions of eight hundred years*. The building is obviously entire, or nearly so, for the top is unbroken, and not in the least ruinous.—Where is the structure, eight hundred years old, even with the benefit of repairs, which is not now more or less dilapidated? The towers on the Rhine; the Saxon keeps of England; the castles of vine-clad France, are they not all, after the lapse of but five hundred years, crumbling into dust? But we have even a better argument against such a hypothesis. *Had this structure been in existence at the time Newport was first settled, the fact would not have escaped the early chroniclers of the colonists.* These writers minutely describe the wigwams, the dress, the grave-yards, the household utensils, in short every thing connected with the *scholars* civilization of the Indians, and yet they make no mention of a building, which, if it had then existed, would have proved either that the Indians possessed the art of turning an arch, and building in stone, or that this structure was the memorial of some European visitors who had, ages before, visited the spot. Yet, one and all, the early writers of the colonists are silent on this point.

This last argument is conclusive against the question—did the Indians erect this tower? Moreover, rude as it is, its architecture was beyond their skill. The arches, although Saxon, are regularly turned, and there is no evidence that the Aborigines were capable of such a triumph of art.

The tower was then built by the colonists, but when, and for what purpose? It was built, we are of opinion, in the earliest days of the settlement, and was intended to answer the double purpose of a mill and a fortress.

The rudeness of the architecture presents an unanswerable argument in favor of the antiquity of this structure; yet this rudeness consists, after all, more in the character of the materials, than in the general form of the building. In this latter respect it resembles hundreds of small defensive towers or fortalices throughout Europe. Yet the smallness of the stones with which it is constructed, show that it was intended to be built at little expense, and with less regard to elegance. Admitting that there was a motive to erect a mill of this peculiar shape, then, this tower, is just such a one, as a settler would put up, in a newly settled colony. Now was there such a motive? We think there was.

The early pilgrims found a warlike race of Aborigines to dispute with the new comers every inch of ground; and for more than fifty years, from the Hudson to Cape Ann, the settlers lived in hourly fear of massacre. Every village had its block house to retreat to in case of attack. These were often, indeed generally, built of wood, yet every one will admit that stone was a far preferable material. If, therefore, the early settler of Newport could, at once, combine a mill and a fortress into one, would he not have a motive for so doing? That the mill was built of stone is an argument in favor of, instead of against our hypothesis. The arches prove neither one thing nor the other. They may have been a piece of fancy on the part of the owner, or they may have been erected for greater security in case of attack, as, it will readily be seen, that the garrison by retreating above, and hauling up their ladder, would more effectually cut off all communication with the savages below, than if the entrance to the tower was by a door on a level with the ground. The loop-poles in the wall above were intended for fire-arms; while the materials of which the tower was built protected it from conflagration.

But it may be said, that, admitting the tower was built for a fortress, there is no proof that it was ever used for a mill. Such an assertion is as ridiculous as it well can be. The very fact that the building in question, is now, and has been, for generations, called by the inhabitants of Newport, "the old mill" speaks volumes in favor of our theory, for what more natural than that, while there should be no direct tradition of the erection of a mere mill, there should be evidence *in its traditionary name*, of the purpose for which it was built? To be more explicit. Granting our hypothesis to be correct, would there be any history of the erection of such a very common building as a mill?—or would it be likely that it would be called one thing, when it was erected for another? In short we see every reason to believe that the tower in question was constructed for a mill, although built in this peculiar fashion to answer as a fortress in case of extremity. Nor is there any force in the argument that its situation is unfavorable for a mill. If the houses did not surround it on all sides, we will venture to say that a gust of arms, with the proper sails, would revolve as readily from the top of the old structure, as from the top of any one of the dozen windmills in the outskirts of the town. Further, we venture to say that a search, properly conducted, among the old records of the colony, would bring to light some conveyance of the land on which the tower stands, designating this building in its proper character. We must qualify this remark, however, by saying, that the search would be useless, unless conveyances have been usually recorded in Rhode Island, or the land on which the structure stands, has, at some time since the settlement, changed hands.

We had written thus far, when, our eye fell on a copy of the Providence Journal, dated July 23rd, in which the editor, while admitting that this ruin was used by the early colonists for the purposes of a mill, affirms that it was built, by either Verrazano, a voyager of 1524, or some other of the early adventurers who visited Newport prior to its first settlement. In answer to this we need only reiterate our argument that no such ruin, so totally differing from the structures erected by the Indians, could have existed, at the time of the settlement of the colony, without attracting attention, and being noted by the chroniclers. Besides it is scarcely probable that mere visitors, here to-day and away to-morrow, would have gone to the trouble to put up an edifice of such solidity; an edifice which would take a common ship's crew, unaccustomed as they would be to such kind of labor, longer to erect, than they would probably stay in port. The notion is, to say the least, rather extravagant. Certainly it is more rational to suppose that the building was constructed by permanent settlers, than by mere passing visitors. The existence of a fire-place in the ruin is no argument against our theory; for if the building was intended to shelter the settlers in case of attack, nothing would be more natural than the addition of so necessary a comfort. In short, while the truth may for a long time yet remain unknown, and while every theory has more or less plausibility in it to the popular ear, we incline to the opinion that the mass of proof is in favor of our hypothesis, and that men, when they come to analyze the argument, will coincide in this belief.

Some attention has lately been called to this subject in Europe, and a paper, we understand, will shortly be published by one of the antiquarians across the water, to prove that the ruin is of a date far more ancient than any have supposed, except those who ascribe it to the Northmen. To them, we fancy, the learned gentleman will give the credit of its erection. If so, he ought to be reminded of the blue-gown's account of the dyke in the Antiquary, which Oldbuck considered a Roman ruin; but said Ochiltree, "I mind the bigging o' it." Or if this will not suit the worthy antiquarian, we refer him to the example of the erudite Mr. Pickwick, and the forty-nine corresponding societies, who, after being puzzled by the inscription on the stone, and referring it eagerly to a very remote age, were enlightened by Sam Veller, who, easily transcribed it as "Bill Stubbs ✕ his mark."

But you have had enough of antiquities for to-day; and I should not have given you so much, were they not all the rage, since the publication of Stephen's travels in Central America. *Vale.* S. P. R.

The Bankrupt Law.

The Bankrupt Bill, which has lately passed the Senate, and which, although it has not yet been taken up by the House, will probably become a law, is beginning to attract considerable attention. We therefore lay before our readers a synopsis of its provisions. Verbal accounts are unfavorable to its receiving the attention of the lower branch of Congress, at the present session, though these accounts are rebutted by a vote upon the motion to lay a resolution from the Committee on judiciary, declaring it inexpedient to act upon this subject this session, upon the table. The vote upon that motion was 118 affirmative to 81 negative, which may be regarded as an evidence of a disposition in the House, to take action upon the subject.

Section 1. Enacts that a uniform system of Bankruptcy be established throughout the United States—and that all persons owing debts, who shall by petition, setting forth a list of his or their creditors, the amount due each, together with an inventory of his or their property of any kind, verified by oath, apply to the proper court for the benefit of this act, shall be deemed bankrupts, and may be declared so by a decree of such court. All persons being merchants or retailers of merchandise, all bankers, factors, brokers, underwriters, or marine insurers, owing debts to the amount of not less than $2000, shall be liable to become bankrupts, and may upon petition of one or more of their creditors to whom they owe not less than $500, be so declared in the following cases, to wit: whenever each debtor shall depart the State of which he is an inhabitant, with intent to defraud his creditors, or shall procure himself to be arrested or have his goods, &c. taken in execution; or shall remove his goods, &c. or conceal them, to prevent their being levied on; or make any fraudulent assignment or sale of his lands, goods, &c.—Provided, however, any person declared a bankrupt at the instance of a creditor, may, by petition to such court have a trial by jury to ascertain the fact of such bankruptcy.

Sec. 2. Enacts that all future payments, conveyances, &c. made in contemplation of bankruptcy, or for the purpose of giving any creditor an undue preference, or any such payment or conveyance to any person not a creditor, for a valuable consideration, without notice, shall be deemed void and a fraud upon this act, and the assignee under the bankruptcy shall be entitled to claim and sue for the same; and the person making such unlawful preferences shall receive no discharge. And if it shall be made to appear to the court, that, in the case of a voluntary bankrupt, he has at any time given or secured any preference of one creditor over another, in contemplation of the passage of a bankrupt law, he shall not receive a discharge, unless assented to by a majority in interest of those of his creditors not preferred. Nothing in this act shall in any way impair the rights of married women or minors, or any liens, mortgages, &c. which may be valid by the laws of the States respectively, and not inconsistent with the second and fifth sections of this act.

Sec. 3. All property of every description, of every person declared a bankrupt, except as is hereinafter provided, shall be ipso facto divested out of the bankrupt, and the same shall be vested in such assignee as shall be appointed by the Court—suits pending by the bankrupt shall be continued by the assignee, and no suit by or against an assignee shall abate by death of said assignee. There shall be excepted from the provisions of this section, such necessary household and kitchen furniture of the bankrupt, as the assignee shall designate, having reference to the amount to the family and condition of the bankrupt, but in no case to exceed in value $300, and also the necessary wearing apparel—an exception being taken to the determination of the assignee, the matter to be decided by the Court.

Sec. 4. Every bankrupt, who shall comply faithfully with the provisions of this act shall (unless a majority in number and value of his creditors who have proved their debts, shall file written dissent thereto) be entitled to a full discharge from all his debts, and a certificate thereof granted him—such certificate, however, not to be granted until after ninety days from the decree of bankruptcy, nor until seventy days notice is given to all creditors and persons interested, to appear and show cause why such certificates should not be granted. Such bankrupt shall at all times be subject to examination orally, or upon written interrogatories, before such Court, on oath, in all matters relating to such bankruptcy, which are necessary for the purposes of justice. If in any case of bankruptcy, a majority, in number and value, of the creditors who shall have proved their debts, shall at the time of hearing of the petition for a discharge, file their written dissent to the allowance of a discharge and certificate, to such bankrupt, or if, upon such hearing, a discharge shall not be decreed to him, he may demand a trial by jury, upon a proper issue to be directed by the Court, or he may appeal from that decision to the Circuit Court. And if, upon a full hearing, it shall be found by the Court or the jury, that the bankrupt has in all things complied with the requisitions of this act, the Court shall decree his discharge.

Sec. 5. Creditors coming in and proving their debts, in the manner hereinafter prescribed, shall be paid, *pro rata*, and no priority or preference shall be allowed, except for debts due the United States, and laborers in the service of the bankrupt when those of the latter shall not exceed $25. All creditors whose claims are not due till a future day, shall have their present value ascertained and allowed.

Sec. 6. The district Court in every district, shall have jurisdiction in all matters and proceedings arising under this act, the proceeding to be summary and the Court always to be open. The Court to prescribe forms and rules for the regulation of proceedings, and to prescribe a tariff of fees.

Sec. 7. All proceedings in a case of bankruptcy shall take place in the district in which the bankrupt resided, when his petition was filed, and all proof of debts or other claims by creditors shall be under oath, before such Court, or commissioner appointed thereby, or before some disinterested State judge, in such form as the Court may direct. But such proof of debts shall be open to contestation.

Sec. 8. The Circuit Court shall have concurrent jurisdiction with the district Court, of suits brought by the assignee against persons claiming an adverse interest, or by such persons against the assignee, touching any property or rights of property of the bankrupt transferrable to or vested in, the assignee; all such suits barred after two years from the date of the bankruptcy.

Sec. 9. All sales, transfers, &c. by the assignee of the bankrupt's property, shall be made as ordered by the Court—all assets shall be paid into the Court within sixty days from time of their receipt, subject to the order of the Court for their disposition—and bond shall be given by the assignee for the faithful discharge of his duties.

Sec. 10. The Court shall require the collections of assets to be made as speedily as the interests of the creditors will allow, and a distribution of them to be made every six months, and all proceedings shall be closed if practicable in two years.

Sec. 11. The assignee shall have authority to redeem and discharge any mortgage, lien, &c. upon any property, and to enter a due performance of the conditions thereof, and also to compound debts, under the order or direction of the Court—and creditors shall have notice, and be allowed to show cause, why such order or direction should not be passed.

Sec. 13. The proceedings in all cases of bankruptcy, shall be deemed matters of record, but shall not be recorded at length. This section also establishes certain fees to be charged by the officers.

Sec. 15. This section provides for cases in which two or more persons who are partners in trade, become insolvent, and directs the assignee to distribute the proceeds of property, joint and separate, among their joint and separate creditors according to equitable rules—in all respects, except as relates to the manner of distributing and disposing of the proceeds of the property of such partners, the proceedings against them shall be the same as if had against one person alone.

Sec. 15, prescribes the manner of constructing the deeds, to be given by the assignee upon the sale of any lands of the bankrupt.

Sec. 16, confers upon the Circuit Court of the United States, for the District of Columbia, and upon the superior Courts of the Territories, all the jurisdiction, power, &c., vested in the district Court of the United States, in cases of bankruptcy.

Sec. 17, prescribes the time when the act shall commence taking effect, and the period of its duration.

Insurrection in the South.

The New Orleans papers of the 23d ult. bring accounts of a conspiracy among the slaves, which had just been discovered. The Bulletin says:

"The overseer of the plantation of Robt. J. Barrow, of West Feliciana, having occasion to arise from his bed late in one of the recent hot nights, heard what he believed to be negroes conversing in one of the quarters. On silently approaching the vicinity and listening, he overheard two of the slaves discussing the subject of a rising against the whites. This led to the examination the next morning of the two fellows, when they confessed the fact, and gave information that led to the arrest of several others. The alarm was immediately spread abroad, arrests were made in various plantations, and it was found by the confessions that they all agreed in the main facts, that there was to be a general rise, and the first of August was the day agreed upon.

A white man, a carpenter, who had lately done a job of work for Mr. Barrow, was also arrested on suspicion, and examined. He said he had nothing to do with the plot—that he had never said any thing to the negroes on the subject, but acknowledged that they frequently spoke to him, and informed him all about it.

This white man, with about 40 negroes, all of whom had confessed their knowledge of the intended rising, were in the jail at St. Francisville, guarded by a company of volunteers. Their examination by a competent tribunal, was to have commenced yesterday morning at 10 o'clock.

At Woodville, we learn, numerous slaves were confined in the jail, having confessed to the same facts as those arrested in Feliciana."

The New Orleans Courier contains some statements corroborating the above. A considerable number of slaves, says that journal, fled to the swamps and ravines as soon as they heard of the arrest of the leaders. Many slaves among the plantations in the neighborhood of Woodville, (Miss.) had been apprehended. The Courier publishes the following letter from a respectable inhabitant, dated

Point Coupee, 19th July, 1841.

The negroes on the other side of the river, say Bayou Sara, and environs, have had a regular conspiracy. It was to have taken place some days since, but owing to the illness of the leader, it was postponed. Last evening was to have been their final meeting, and then was to have commenced their massacre, but fortunately some of the confederated slaves informed their masters. A body of men was immediately raised at Bayou Sara, and some 15 or 20 of the leaders have been arrested, and will no doubt be tried and executed immediately.

P. S.—It appears to have been a regularly organized conspiracy from this place to Natchez, (nearly 150 miles of coast.) The leaders have been white men, one of whom is now in jail at St. Francisville, and will no doubt be executed.

We find another letter on the French side of the Courier, dated July 31, giving the following details:

"We have had a negro insurrection, or rather it was on the point of breaking out, when the plot was discovered. All the white population from Natchez to Baton Rouge, and all the negroes refusing to join the insurrectionists were to be assassinated. There are in our prison twenty-two negroes who have been given up by their masters; about a dozen more are expected to-day, to be examined and tried. White men are implicated in this servile plot, and were to have been the principal leaders. One of them was taken yesterday near Jackson; he is safe in prison with the negroes. A rumor prevailed yesterday that he would be hung without form of trial. Since Saturday, no one has slept. The Militia and citizens keep guard around the prison, and the patrols maintain an active watch, &c.

"It is possible that before our paper goes to press, further particulars may be received—if so, we shall hasten to lay them before our readers. The next boat will probably bring us accounts of the result of the trial of the slaves."

The Bee confirms the foregoing, and the Bulletin adds,—

Capt Laurent states that on stopping at Point Coupee, to communicate information of the situation of the affairs above, several gentlemen recollected occurences of recent date which tended to confirm the suspicions that the slaves of their section were parties to the wicked plot. Doct. ——— said he had been asked what day of the month it was, by more negroes, within the last ten days, than in seven years before—and there had been unusual assemblies of the slaves, in rather bye-places, for several Sunday's past.

Some of the negroes have confessed that the combination was from Bayou Sara to Natchez.

It may not be amiss to remark, that the plantations in Feliciana and Wilkinson county from which the slaves were taken who are imprisoned, are owned by the most wealthy and respectable planters of the State, whose kind and humane treatment of their slaves is proverbial.

The N. O. Picayune, however, of the 24th ult. says, in relation to this matter:—

"It may safely be said that the press of this city did not make a very ridiculous exhibition at the time of the late "piracy." But if matters proceed as they have commenced, in view of the attempted revolt at Bayou Sara, there will be no ground for belief in the nongullibility of the editors of New Orleans. The hue and cry raised about this affair approaches the ludicrous, if it does not fairly reach it. The flaming paragraphs about "conspiracy between all the negroes of Louisiana and Mississippi," urging the people of this city "and elsewhere" to arm themselves for a general warfare, are calculated, we imagine, to do quite as much harm as good.

From all that can be learned, it seems that the contemplated insurrection was unknown beyond a very few plantations. The Robert Fulton, from Bayou Sara arrived yesterday. She left Thursday at 11 o'clock. At that time all was quiet in the villages and on the plantations so far as heard from. The trial of the conspirators had been postponed until Monday the 26th instant. No more arrests among the slaves had been spoken of. Those arrested will be fairly tried and disposed of in accordance with their deserts. In this state of affairs there is no cause for great excitement.

Foreign News.

Arrival of the Acadia at Boston.

Six Days Later from Europe.

Complete Summary of the Conservative Gains in the British Parliament—Continued Disturbances at Toulouse and threatened Revolution in France—Arrival of the Levant Mail.

The British Royal Mail Steamship Acadia arrived at Boston on Monday morning at half past two o'clock. She left Liverpool on the afternoon of the 20th, and made the passage in twelve days and a half. Her approach up the harbor was announced by rockets from the ship.

The Columbia arrived out on the 14th.

There is no later news from China, and no tidings of the steamship President.

Mr. Swartwout, ex-Collector of New York, came passenger in the Acadia.

England.

The Tories, it is now evident, are triumphant. O'Connell lost his election in Dublin. Among other means used to defeat him, extensive arrests of the voters were made for debt. This is a *stroke* worthy of Gammon himself.

The New Parliament.

MEMBERS RETURNED.

England and Wales.

Conservative members returned up to last night,	305	
Liberal do.	193	
Double returns,	2	
Total members for England and Wales,		500
Scotland.		
Conservative members returned up to this morning,	19	
Liberal do.	30	
Returns not yet received,	4	
Total members for Scotland,		53
Ireland.		
Conservative members returned up to this morning,	44	
Liberal do.	59	
Returns not yet received,	2	
Total members for Ireland,		105
Total members of the House of Commons,		658
Total Conservatives returned,	368	
Total Liberal returned,	282	
Total Conservative gains up to this morning,		82
Liberal do.		37
		45

Total Conservative gain, forty-five votes, equivalent to ninety on a division, (as compared with the last Parliament.)

The Ministry.

The following is given as the probable composition of the new Ministry:

First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer—Sir Robert Peel.
Secretary for the Home Department—Earl of Aberdeen.
Secretary for the Foreign Department—Duke of Wellington.
Secretary for the Colonial Affairs—Lord Stanley.
Lord Chancellor—Lord Lyndhurst.
First Lord of the Admiralty—Sir James Graham.
President of the Council—Lord Melville.
President of the Board of Control—Lord Ellenborough.
Lord Privy Seal—Lord Wharncliffe.
President of Board of Trade—Lord Ashburnham.
Paymaster of the Forces—Sir Edward Knatchbull.
Duchy of Lancaster—Earl de Grey.
Secretary at War—Mr. Herries.
Postmaster General—Duke of Buckingham.
Speaker of the House of Commons—Mr. Goulburn.
Lord Steward—Earl of Roden.
Lord Chamberlain—Earl of Liverpool.
Lord Lieutenant of Ireland—Earl of Haddington.
Lord Chancellor of Ireland—Sir Edward Sugden.
Secretary for Ireland—Lord Francis Egerton.
Master General of Ordnance—Sir Henry Hardinge.
Master of the Mint—Sir George Clerk.
Vice President of the Board of Trade—Lord Sandon.
Attorney General—Sir Frederick Pollock.
Solicitor General—Sir William Follett.
Lord Advocate—Sir William Rae.
Solicitor General for Scotland—Mr. Duncan McNeill.

There appears to be some doubt whether Sir Robert Peel will propose a speaker, as Mr. Lefevre is on the whole a popular and pleasant enough person. But the feeling of the party decidedly is, that Mr. Goulburn should be appointed to that office, to the exclusion of a Whig candidate.

The Liverpool Times, of the 20th, speaking of the election, says:—The majority, we must acknowledge, is considerably more numerous than we anticipated. It will probably be somewhat reduced when Parliament assembles, by the unseating of several of the Conservatives, who have been returned from Irish cities and boroughs. There will also be a great number of English members unseated by election committees, though it is impossible to tell at present how this will affect the balance of parties. But supposing that the Liberal party should gain something considerable by the result of the committees, there will still be a majority in favor of the Conservatives of between 60 and 70 votes, a majority amply sufficient for the purposes of Government. As far as the political Government of England and Scotland is concerned, the new Administration will probably differ very little from the present one, and its foreign policy may also be expected to be very much the same. Its commercial policy will, however, be directly opposed to that of the present Government and to the interests of all except the privileged classes, and it will find no small difficulty in keeping its own friends in Ireland in any thing like order.

France.

The new treaty signed by the Five Powers, for the pacification of the East, is condemned by the French opposition journals. They are displeased at a return to reason on the part of the French Cabinet. The troubles in Toulouse do not yet appear to be appeased. Should the disaffected extend to the French capital more blood than wine would flow during the celebration of the "three glorious days." The King is greatly apprehensive of an *emeute* in Paris before the fortifications are finished. When the walls are up, the guns of the fortress will treat discontented mobs to a *charivari*, which will soon quiet the most noisy among them.

The Augusburg Gazette of the 10th contradicts the report of the intended marriage of the Princess Clementine with a Prince of the House of Coburg. The Moniteur of Sunday, publishes the law of the Budget of 1842, in which the expenditures are fixed at 1,276,339,676 francs, and the receipts are valued at 1,160,683,143 francs. The same official journal contains another law appropriating 75,000,000 francs to the execution of extraordinary works in 1842, to be taken from the proceeds of the projected loan of 430,000,000 francs. The appointment of M. Mahul, a personage long unpopular, to the Prefecture of Upper Garonne, led to an unpleasant emeute at Toulouse on the 7th.

At Paris, and throughout the centre of France, palpable shocks of earthquake, and some strange meteorological phenomena, have occurred, of which we have given a more detailed account elsewhere. At Orleans, Bourges, Nevers and Tours, the oscillations of the earth's surface were so violent on the night of Sunday the 4th ult. and the following day, that the people rushed into the streets and open places, fearing their houses would fall upon their heads. A noise was heard as of heavy wagons rolling over a distant pavement. The motion of the first shocks were distinctly East and West, and of the last North and South. A ravaging whirlwind passed over Orleans on Sunday at eight in the evening.

Riots at Toulouse.

Extensive disaffection prevails at Toulouse, and disturbances had broken out. Accounts from Paris state, however, that the Government were of opinion that the disturbances at Toulon were at an end. Nevertheless intense anxiety prevailed respecting the nature of the instructions given to the Commissioner. Extraordinary despatches thither. A species of truce had been concluded between the provisional and military authorities, which would lead to the apprehension that the affair will not terminate without a further conflict.

During this insurrection the insurgents completely triumphed over the authorities: and the latter were compelled by the former to remove from the city the troops forming the garrison, and to deliver over to the National Guards the various Military posts and stations comprised in it. And on the loudly expressed demand of the mob, the prisoners made during the progress of the insurrection were liberated.

According to the Moniteur Parisin, tranquility had not been disturbed in Toulouse since the departure of Mahul, although there were still some symptoms of effervescence observable among the population on the 14th.

The Emancipation of the 13th brings the particulars of the occurrences in that city on the 12th and 13th.

At noon, on the 12th, a large body of men, armed with sticks, proceeded to the Veterinary School to invite the students to join them, but the latter had been fortunately confined by their chief. This multitude then repaired to the Palace St. Etienne, and after erecting a number of barricades, at 5 o'clock they advanced against the Prefecture.

M. Mahul, at the earnest request of the temporary Mayor, M. Arzac, ordered the National Guard to be called out, but before this could be effected a collision took place between the rioters and a detachment of Tirailleurs de Vincennes, in which a young man was killed. This irritation was then at its height; in less than an hour 15 or 20 barricades were established, and the inhabitants having carried the stones to the tops of their houses, were prepared to offer an energetic resistance. On their side the troops had forced an entrance into the Hotel de France, and several adjoining houses, where they intrenched themselves and an engagement was about to commence, when the National Guard made their appearance. Their presence calmed the popular exasperation.

In the course of the evening all the posts were evacuated by the troops and surrendered to the National Guards. At 10 o'clock a multitude collected before the house of the Attorney-General, M. Plougoulm, and after singing the "Marseillaise," demanded the liberation of the young men arrested on the previous day. The magistrate having refused to accede to this demand, the people proceeded to the prison with the intention of breaking in the doors and rescuing their friends, when M. Arzac came forward and announced that the prisoners should be liberated in the morning. On receiving this assurance the people desisted from their purpose, and quietly retired. Early in the morning of the 13th the telegraphs were destroyed, and the National Guard having notified to M. Mahul that they could not answer for the public tranquility if he did not resign and withdraw, he obeyed their injunction, and shortly afterward the following proclamation was posted in the streets:—

"All cause of disorder has ceased; the Prefect has this instant left Toulouse.

"L. St. MICHEL, Lieutenant-General.
"PLOUGOULM, Attorney-General."

"July 13, 10 o'clock, A. M."

The prisoners were then discharged, M. Frizac, the Senior Councillor of the Prefecture, was invested with the administration, and the people celebrated their victory by lighting an immense *fue de joie* in front of the Prefecture.

Portugal.

Letters from Portugal are dated July 5th. By the Andorinha war-cutter, which arrived at London on the 3d from the island of Terceira, touching at St. Michael's, we learn, that owing to excessive severe shocks of an earthquake, which commenced on the 15th June and continued up to the departure of the vessel on the 24th, nearly the whole of the Villa de Praya, in the former island had been destroyed. Upwards of 500 houses and habitations had been shaken down. Fortunately, however, from the warning which preceded the visitation, the inhabitants without exception were enabled to save their lives by flight to the mountains and city of Angra. A subscription, by the example of the corporation of the capital, was being raised for their immediate relief. The Don Joao the First, corvette, was to leave St. Michael's on the 20th of June, with the sum of eight contos de reis, (£1040 sterling,) to be distributed among the sufferers; and a vessel was also being laden with maize, to proceed thither on the same charitable errand.

Spain.

Accounts from Madrid of the 10th inst., confirm the appointment of M. Arguelles to the guardianship of the Queen, by a majority of 180 votes.

The Spanish Government had agreed to cede two islands on the coast of Guinea to Great Britain for a consideration of £60,000.

Austria.

The failure of the old established firm of Geymuller, in Vienna, had produced a commercial crisis in that city, and it was expected that the Government would issue Treasury bonds to the amount of 5,000,000 of florins to relieve the merchants in the late failure.

Turkey.

Intelligence has been received from Constantinople to the 21st June. New Shiftings had occurred in the Ministry. Youssouf Pasha had been appointed Governor of Roumelia. The province is in a state of revolt; fresh troops have just been sent thither; and this new Governor, according to the correspondent of the London Morning Post, is known for having betrayed Varna to the Russians.

The correspondent of the London Morning Chronicle says, that through the energetic remonstrances of Lord Ponsonby, Baron Sturmer, and "their colleagues," the Porte is about to adopt effective measures to relieve the Christians of Syria from oppression; the Christians of the mountains under the Government of Emir Beshir and the Maronite Christians instead of communicating with the Sultan through the Pasha of Damascus, will appoint agents of their own to represent them in Constantinople; an officer is to be specially appointed to govern and protect the Christians of Jerusalem and that tract of country; and Nagib Pasha of Damascus, a notorious oppressor, is to be recalled.

Advices from Trebisond, 17th ult. quoted by the Malta Times, mention a rumor of a great victory obtained by the Anglo-Indian troops in Affghanistan. The evacuation of the fortress of Ghorian is confirmed.

Miscellaneous.

The Zurich papers state that the eastern part of that canton, and nearly the whole of Saint Gall have been recently devastated by a severe storm. In parts the crops and vegetation were entirely destroyed, large trees were uprooted, beams swept away, and houses so much damaged as to be rendered uninhabitable.

In Tipperary, riots have arisen, and collisions with the police fatal. At Bansha one man was shot dead and nine badly wounded.

The Baron de Brabonte, the French Ambassador at St. Petersburg, is said to be engaged in writing a history of the Parliament of Paris.

An application is about to be made to the Pope to elect a resident Cardinal in Ireland.

It is too much to be regretted that the disease called bronchitis, and which has proved so fatal to so many of the unfortunate convicts at Woolwich, has not yet terminated.

Two policemen were killed at an election riot at Carlisle, last week. Two persons are in custody who were active in the affray.

The Devastation war steamer, of 1,000 tons, was launched at Woolwich on Saturday week. She is 180 feet long.

Russia is showing great activity in her arsenals. Several war steamers are building of large size.

The inauguration of Moliere's Monument, now constructing, is expected to take place on the 17th of February—the anniversary of his death.

The Echo du Nord states the extraordinary fact that a woman of the Commune, Berlaimont, in that department, has been twice delivered of twins within the last eight months and a half.

Among the new paintings that have been added to the National Gallery, is one by Raphael, which has been valued at five thousand guineas.

Loud complaints are made of the state of penury in which the young Queen of Spain is kept. Her most catholic majesty is reported to have only $30 a month allowed to her.

Sir Robert Peel.—This politician has had by the recent elections in England, the path premiership opened to him. That he does not possess the confidence of the whole tory party, evidenced by the remarks on him from the British Critic, a high church and tory journal.

New Publications.

Hunt's Merchant's Magazine, *for August*.—The principal articles, in this periodical for the current month, are "The Commercial History of France—No. 1,"—"American Manufactures"—"General Average"—and the "Culture of Silk in the United States." There are other papers of interest, besides notices of books, and the usual *olla podrida* which closes each number of the Magazine.

As a mercantile magazine, this work is unrivalled. Its various articles contain, in the course of the year, an amazing body of facts, and no one can peruse it, for that time, without being instructed—a fact by no means to be predicated of other magazines. Yet, in one thing, we should like to see an improvement in the Merchant's Magazine, and that is, in the style of the contributors. Few of them have finish, none of them, euphony. The leading papers of a daily newspaper, often surpass the articles of this magazine as specimens of pure composition. Cannot this be remedied? Surely the writers of the Merchant's Magazine are capable of writing better. More care is all that is required.

The Idler in France—*By the Countess of Blessington—two volumes.—Carey & Hart.*—Here is one of the most amusing books of the season; light, sketchy, discursive, and—may we say it!—full of gossip. Lady Blessington is always a pleasant writer. Say what you will ill-naturedly against her, she is just such a writer as a charming woman ought to be.

Her present work is a record of a visit to France, and contains, besides some well written descriptions of places, more than one interesting reminiscence of the three days' revolution. She has besides given a picture of French society, which will be recognized by travellers as true, and which will be entertaining to those especially who have never visited "*la belle France*."

The volumes are got up in excellent style, and do credit to the enterprising house which publishes them.

Arcturus for August.—Here is a continuation of Puffer Hopkins, illustrated by the celebrated London artist, Phiz, shewing the publishers of this Monthly are not to be outstripped in enterprise. There are also several valuable critical papers,—two of which especially will attract attention, a notice at some length of Stevens' Central America, and a scorching review of J. S. Buckingham's work on America. We are also much pleased with a sketch of the Gitana, or Gipsies of Spain. Altogether the Arcturus is an excellent publication, and though we cannot always agree with its criticisms, we like it for its impartiality and fearlessness. *Drew & Scammel, Agents.*

Lady's Book, *for August*, 1841.—The Lady's Book for August, appears later upon our table than upon some others, and as we eschew *favoritism*, and always notice it properly,—we remark that it is replete as usual, with sterling original articles, and beautiful embellishments. The plates for the month, are a fine engraving by Dick, entitled "The Legal Keeper's Daughter," and a fashion plate of five figures, colored.—The Music for the month being omitted, in consequence of a press of literary matter. We give a story this week from the number.

Philadelphia really keeps the lead in meritorious and beautiful periodicals of all kinds.

Littell's Museum, *for August*, 1841.—Prompt to the time, even more prompt than usual, this excellent periodical is on our table. This number contains an account of "The Parsees in England," an article on the "Rights of Woman," continuation of "Warren Hastings" a review of "Murray's United States," several new chapters of "Barnaby Rudge," "Ten Thousand a Year," and "Charles O'Malley," respectively, besides other serious and pleasing articles of interest. Those who wish the cream of the *English* periodicals cannot do better than subscribe for this Magazine.

The Law Reporter, *for August*.—Every attorney should take this work. It gives the latest decisions of importance, in anticipation of the regular reports, besides containing notices of cases ruled in courts which have no regular reporters. Added to this, each number has a history of some of one of the *celebrated causes of criminal history*. The case, in the present number, of this character, is that of Major Campbell, hung for a duel, in Ireland, in 1809. *Drew & Scammell Agents.*

The American Medical Library and Intelligencer—*by R. Dunglison, M. D.—Adam Waldie, Philadelphia.* The first number of a new series of this work is upon our table, much improved, in typographical appearance, and well filled with sterling articles. An advertisement of the features and the contents may be found in our advertising columns.

Merry's Museum, *for August*.—Unusually excellent. The present number is illustrated by a colored plate, representing a Newfoundland Dog.

Graham's Lady's and Gentleman's Magazine, *August*, 1841.—The number of this popular periodical for the current month is decidedly the most beautiful ever issued. The embellishments consist of the "Penitent Son," one of Sartain's exquisite Mezzotinto's on steel. A Lace pattern with a boquet of flowers, handsomely colored:—A plate of elegantly colored Fashions for the month, compiled from the late arrivals from London and Paris, consisting of *four figures*, a Gentleman and three Ladies, and two pages of music. The original articles are of a high order of merit, as indeed, the proprietor prides himself, still more, upon the *literary* than the pictorial department of the work.

The following are the contributors to the number, and the names are a sufficient guarantee of the literary merit. George P. Morris, of the New York Mirror, Park Benjamin, Esq. H. W. Herbert, author of Cromwell, the Brothers, etc. Robert Morris, Esq. J. H. Dana, F. W. Thomas, author of "Clinton Bradshawe," etc. A. A. Irvine, H. B. Hirst, Mrs. E. R. Nichols, Mrs. E. C. Stedman, Mrs. M. S. B. Dana, G. R. Graham, Edgar A. Poe, Chas. J. Peterson, and Author of "Cruising in the Last War."

Opinions of the Press.

In confirmation of the worth of the Magazine, we append the following opinions of the press in all parts of the country.

Graham's Magazine.—The August number of this rising periodical far surpasses its predecessors, and cannot be excelled either in the neatness of its typography, in the beauty of its embellishments, or in the merit of its literary matter. It is almost impossible to understand how a work so obviously expensive as this can be furnished at the low price of three dollars. We have here, (in the August number,) first, an engraving by Sartain, in his exquisite mezzotinto style, of a painting by Prentis, called the Penitent Son; next, a plate of lace work, with a centre piece of colored embroidery; thirdly, four colored figures, illustrating the fashions for August; fourthly, two pages of music. The aggregate cost of these embellishments has exceeded thirteen hundred dollars. The literary matter is of a kind unsurpassed in any periodical whatever. We observe contributions from a great number of our most eminent male and female *literati*—ladies and gentlemen who ask and receive the highest prices for their articles. At the same time, the journal is not disfigured by any contributions of an inferior order. We cordially wish Mr. Graham the success which his spirited exertions deserve.—*Chronicle, Philad.*

"Graham's Magazine for August.—The August number of Graham's Magazine is undoubtedly one of the very best specimens of an American periodical that we have met with for a long time. The publisher seems determined to place his work in the first rank, whether with regard to embellishments or literary matter. He has, in a most liberal spirit, secured the aid of a number of well-known American writers, and although the success of the work has thus far been extraordinary, he seems determined to merit a still greater degree of public patronage. As an evidence of the enterprise by which he is characterised, we may state that the embellishments of the present number, which consist of a beautiful mezzotinto engraving of "The Penitent Son"—a plate of the fashions—a lace work pattern, with medallion of colored flowers—and a piece of music, cost the proprietor $1300, exclusive of paper, printing, and original literary matter."—*Inquirer.*

"Graham's Magazine.—We have seen so many embellishments of this sterling Magazine, some of which we thought impossible for any after ones to be richer, and their enormous costs we were under the impression would induce the publisher to relax. In this, however, we are agreeably disappointed as the August number is on our table with its usual promptitude, and which we consider out-vies all preceding ones. The "Penitent Son," is truly a splendid engraving and the embroidery is very rich and beautiful. The Portrait of Fashions is also drawn to life and well painted.

These embellishments alone are said to have cost the publisher thirteen hundred dollars and we have no doubt he will be amply rewarded for his unremitted exertions and desire to please as the Magazine at this time numbers seventeen thousand subscribers and increasing."—*Spy, Columbia, Pa.*

Graham's Lady's and Gentleman's Magazine.—We return our thanks to the proprietor for the August number of this periodical. We never look over the pages of this publication without feeling in a most excellent humour with mankind in general, and Mr. Graham in particular. The engravings in the number before us are rich and beautiful, and are alone worth double the price of subscription; and we are informed by the proprietor have been furnished to his patrons at an expense of *thirteen hundred dollars!* The "Return of the prodigal Son" is one of the most splendid engravings we have ever known to grace a monthly. The plates of the fashions, needle work, botany, music, &c. are all elegantly "got up," and we consider a lady's boudoir incomplete without a copy of Graham's Magazine.—*Star, Elizabeth City, N. C.*

"Graham's Magazine.—Graham's Magazine for August, is a crack number, got up with more than usual care, having three plates. The first, a mezzotint, "The Penitent Son," with a story to illustrate it; a curious imitation of lace, with colored insertion, and a plate of the fashions. These plates must have cost a large sum of money. They show the activity and liberality of the publisher, and they show also that these qualities are appreciated.

The literary contents are unusually varied and rich. Robert Morris, Esq. of the Inquirer, has an excellent tale, and a poetical effusion on the death of W. G. Clark—both of a high character. Mr. Poe has a good article, and shows his sharp pointed pen in the critical department."—*U. S. Gazette.*

Graham's Lady's and Gentleman's Magazine.—The August number surpasses all previous numbers in the beauty of its embellishments, and the taste and variety of its reading matter. The engraving entitled "The Penitent Son" is a splendid picture, and worthy a place in this Magazine. The plate of the fashions is very handsomely got up, and a new feature added to the work, in the shape of *lace work*, for the ladies a beautiful pattern, also, a rose handsomely colored. We certainly can not too strongly commend this work to the attention of the public as worthy of the most extensive patronage. The proprietors spare neither pains nor expense in making it in every way worthy of the high opinion daily expressed by the public.—*Republican, Oxford, N. Y.*

Graham's Magazine.—The style—the elegance—the dazzling beauty in which the August number of Graham's Magazine was let fall from the hand of its editor, far surpasses any similar work from the American press; and whilst his labor to please, and his ambition to surpass, will ensure the continued patronage of those who are now his patrons, they must, with age, like *stubborn facts*, add constantly to its circulation.

The engravings so *original* and so *rich*—then the *Fashions* from their *newness, color* and *design*, which are so peculiar to this Monthly, the enterprise of Mr. Graham, forms it a model for others. Its proprietor is so careless of gain, that he will for the small sum of *five dollars*, give two copies of this specimen of American art and literature.—*Compiler, Elizabeth City, N. C.*

Liberal Enterprise.—We have rarely seen an English magazine, however liberal encouragement the greater wealth of the old world affords, that in beauty of pictorial embellishments exceeds the August number of *Graham's Lady's and Gentleman's Magazine*. This work was established upon the discontinuance of the *Casket*, and has contained a rich variety of mezzotinto and steel engravings, colored plates of the fashions, music, with well filled pages of original stories, sketches, poetry, &c. &c., in each number. The embellishments of the present number are alone stated to have cost $1300.—*Boston Traveller.*

Graham's Magazine.—The August number of this popular periodical has just been published, and is an excellent specimen of the character of the work and of the improvements which have recently taken place in it.—The engraving of the Penitent Son is beautiful, both in design and execution. The embellishments alone of the present number cost the proprietor *thirteen hundred dollars*. The enterprising spirit with which it is conducted, the literary merit of the magazine, and the beautiful style in which it is got out, makes it the best of the periodical kind that is published.—*Public Ledger.*

Graham's Magazine.—The August No. of this Magazine is the tallest thing we have yet seen in the printing line; and that is saying a great deal when so many exhibitions of taste and skill are sent forth by the American press. It has three plates, the first of which represents in a touching light the return to his parents of a penitent prodigal; the second presents to the eye a splendid piece of embroidered lace work; and the third gives the latest fashions. The extra cost for plates to this number is $1300.—*Norwich Aurora, Ct.*

Graham's Lady's and Gentleman's Magazine.—We doubt much if the beauty of its pictorial embellishments has ever been equalled by any American periodical.—*Boston Daily Mail.*

Jacksonville Bank Robbery.

The Springfield State Register mentions the fact of the arrest of Col. Mather, the President of the Branch Bank, by the citizens of Jacksonville, who pursued him. The robbery was committed, it is stated, by Town, in consequence of having been defeated in the election for Cashier. The Register says:

"On Tuesday morning last, Mather left Jacksonville in a wagon, and on leaving informed Mr. Scott, the hotel keeper there, that he had found the money, and was taking it to Springfield, and that he (Scott) might inform the people to take no more trouble, as the matter was *ended!* Soon after his departure Scott gave the information; the people became excited; arrested Town, and pursued and overtook Col. Mather, and compelled him to return with them to Jacksonville.

"It must have been an amusing sight to see Mather and his wagon, containing the wreck of the Branch, escorted back by a crowd to Jacksonville.

"P. S. We learn further, that Town has confessed that he has been robbing the bank for the last two years, and has squandered $4,000 of its funds in this manner. He arrived in Springfield yesterday on a *habeas corpus* to the Supreme Court, now in session. Bail having been demanded in the sum of $9,000, his friends plead that the amount is too high, and have come up here to the Supreme Court to have it reduced."

St. Louis papers of a later date confirm the fact of Town's confession. He was teller of the bank, and his depredations had continued for several years. He assigned as a reason for destroying the books of the Bank, that had he not done so they would have established his past frauds; and that if he had been immediately arrested he never would have made any disclosures. During the week subsequent to the robbery he accused nobody, and when any body was named as the suspicious person, he would say that he believed they were guilty.

Battle in the Indian Country.

The St. Louis Argus of the 25th ult. learned by a gentleman, direct from Fort Leavenworth, that a battle occurred between the U. S. Dragoons, at Fort Gibson and a large body of Indians, negroes, and mongrels from Florida, who have been for some time past gathering in the fastnesses of Arkansas. About 600 negroes from Florida, and runaways from Choctaws and Cherokees, united with a few Indians and white men, recently marched up the Red river for the purpose of hunting buffalo. They built, for the purpose of protecting themselves, a fort of logs. Not being successful in game they invaded the Choctaws and carried off the property of the latter. The Choctaws sent to Fort Gibson for the Dragoons, who, assisted by a company of Infantry, with two pieces of artillery from Fort Towson, attacked the marauders' fort, drove them out of their entrenchments, and put a number of them to the sword. The carnage is represented to have been terrific. The whole body was captured, and it is supposed the blow will give security to that exposed portion of the frontier.

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Travelling Agents.

☞ John H. Thompson, Esq. of Wheeling, Va. has been appointed agent for the Saturday Evening Post and Graham's Magazine in the place of R. J. Garwood, deceased. Subscribers at that place, and those wishing to subscribe for either periodical, will be kind enough to call on him.

☞ I. E. James is our general travelling agent, assisted by O. H. P. Stem and Seth T. Brooks. Subscribers and local agents upon whom they may call will oblige us by settling with them.

☞ Thomas Severn, Esq. is our travelling agent for the State of New York, for the Saturday Evening Post and Graham's Magazine, and subscribers upon whom he may call, will oblige us, by settling their accounts with him.

☞ C. W. James, of Cincinnati, Ohio, our old agent is still authorised to collect and receive new subscribers in the States of Ohio and Indiana, assisted by H. M. Lewis and M. Meeker.

☞ B. G. Easton and I. F. Easton for Illinois, Missouri, Arkansas, Iowa and Wisconsin.

☞ W. A. Pierce, for Pennsylvania and New Jersey.

☞ S. H. Stevenson and John F. Johnson for Kentucky.

☞ L. Tomkins for the New England States. Subscribers who may be waited upon by the above gentlemen, will please liquidate their accounts at once. tf

☞ R. M. Smith is our travelling agent for Maryland and Delaware.

Sales of Stocks.

By the Philadelphia Board of Brokers, for the week ending Thursday.

			Price sold for.
163	shares	United States Bank,	16½a18
12	do.	Reading R. R.	27½a28
116	do.	Girard Bank,	27½a27¾
12	do.	Western Bank,	30½
7	do.	Camden & Amboy R. R.	83
1	do.	Far. & Mechanics Bank,	45
2	do.	Lehigh Coal & Navigation Co	15
10	do.	American Fire Insurance Co	67½a70
61	do.	Phil. Wil. & Balt. R. R.	27½
20	do.	Phœnix Insurance Co.	50½
4	do.	Atlantic Insurance Co.	39½
$500	State 5's of 1859		79
$700	do. do.	1870	79½a81½
$5462	do. do.	1864	79½

Congressional News.

Washington, July 28, 1841.

When I closed last evening, the Senate was engaged on the amendment of Mr. Clay to the Bank bill, proposing to strike out the clause relative to the branching power, and insert one requiring the assent of the States to the location of a branch, but *inferring an assent to the same*, if the Legislature of a State do not unconditionally dissent.

After debate, the amendment was agreed to—yeas 25, nays 24. The bill as amended was then ordered to be engrossed by the same vote.

This morning it was taken up, read a third time and passed—yeas 26, nays 23. The Senate then adjourned.

In the House of Representatives, several memorials, relating to the currency, were read and referred.

Mr. Fillmore, who reported the revenue bill, being of opinion that there will have been enough talking upon it by Friday, offered a resolution proposing that all debate shall cease on that day at twelve o'clock. After some conversation, the resolution was agreed to. So on Friday the bill will pass, and then the Fiscal Bank measure will be called up.

Mr. Adams having had his operations suspended last evening by an adjournment, came up again with his petitions, and succeeded in presenting them.

The House then went into committee, and resumed the consideration of the revenue bill.

Mr. Irwin gave his views as to how matters ought to be.

Mr. Barnard then tried his hand.

After further debate, the committee rose, and the House adjourned.

Washington, July 29, 1841.

In the House of Representatives a bill was reported by Mr. Fillmore, making appropriation for the salaries of foreign ministers. It was read twice and referred.

Mr. Long, the delegate from Florida, introduced two bills, one making appropriation for the continuance of the war in Florida, and the other providing for clearing Florida and Georgia of Indian banditti. Both bills were read twice and referred.

About fifty members attempted to squeeze in petitions, resolutions, &c., but without effect.

The House then went into committee, and took up the tariff bill. Messrs. Saltonstall, Ingersoll, Pickens, Hastings, and others, talked their hour, after which the committee rose.

A call of the House was then ordered.

In the Senate, the bill from the House making appropriation for a Home Squadron, was reported with an amendment.

The House bill, making appropriation for the payment of Naval Pensioners, was also reported.

Among the other reports was one in favor of the system of telegraphs, a model of which was sometime ago erected on the Senate chamber, connecting with various other points.

The Naval Pension Bill was taken up in committee of the whole, and debated until two o'clock. It was then postponed until Tuesday next.

The bill for re-chartering the banks of the District of Columbia, was next taken up, and debated with much warmth for an hour. The Senate then went into executive session.

Washington, July 30, 1841.

In the House this morning, the new tax bill was again called up, and debated by Messrs. Wise and Fillmore until twelve o'clock. At that hour all debate ceased, and the question was taken on the numerous amendments.

An amendment proposing to except tea and coffee from the twenty per cent duty, was rejected.

After the question had been taken on all the amendments, most of which were rejected, the committee rose and reported the bill to the House.

The previous question was then moved and seconded. A motion was then made to lay the bill on the table. The result was—yeas 93, nays 123.

The amendments of the committee of the whole were then concurred in, and the question being on ordering the bill to a third reading, without taking it, the House adjourned.

In the Senate, the House bill making appropriation for the support of a Home Squadron was taken up and passed.

The District Bank bill was next taken up, and after some debate, ordered to be engrossed. The bill allows the banks to issue the notes of suspended banks until the 1st of March next.

The Senate then adjourned to Monday.

Washington, July 31, 1841.

The Senate did not sit to-day.

In the House, a resolution was adopted directing an inquiry into the cost and expediency of aiding companies in fitting out armed steamers, and for selecting dock yards on the bays, lakes, and rivers of the United States.

The Bankrupt bill was read twice, and referred to the committee of the whole.

The Tariff bill then came up for a third reading, and was passed by a vote of 116 to 101. An attempt was made to reconsider the vote, but without effect.

Before the final vote was taken, Mr. Wise moved to change the title of the bill by calling it "A bill to violate the compromise act of the 3d of March, 1833; and Mr. Bidlack, of Pa., moved to add the words "And lay a tax on the producing classes to make up the contemplated deficiency in the Treasury, arising from the anticipated distribution of the proceeds of the public domain for the benefit of stock-jobbers, loan holders and speculators. The amendments were rejected, and the House adjourned.

Washington, Aug. 2, 1841.

Senate.—Mr. Wright presented a memorial from the Chamber of Commerce of New York remonstrating against the passage of the Tariff Bill in its present form. The memorial was referred to the Committee of Finance.

A memorial upon the same subject from merchants of New York took the same reference.

Also the proceeding of the citizens of New York at the Canal street meeting in behalf of a National Bank.

The Clerk of the House brought up a Bill from the House in relation to Duties and Drawbacks,—and the Bill which passed on Saturday in relation to Military Land Warrants. The Bill in relation to Duties and Drawbacks, on motion of Mr. Clay, of Kentucky, had its first and second reading and was referred to the Committee on Finance.

The Bill to extend the time for the issue of Land Warrants to Officers and Soldiers of the Revolution, was referred to the Committee on Public Lands.

Mr. Calhoun presented a memorial from citizens of Cumberland County, Va. upon the agitating questions of the day. The memorial denounced a National Bank, and said it should be repealed as soon as the opponents of the Administration had the power of repeal. The Distribution Scheme was also denounced and the Extra Session denounced uncalled for. The Bank Bill was declared unconstitutional, and the Distribution plan also—the last particularly for the reason that, in the estimation of the memorialists, it was designed to re-establish the American system.

Mr. Calhoun said that he should only add to the remarks of the Petitioners the opinion that the Bank question did not enter into the recent contest which resulted in the election of President Harrison and Vice-President Tyler. The mass of the people did not contemplate the establishment of such an Institution.

The memorial and resolutions were read and laid on the table. After reading,

Mr. Henderson rose to notice one fact in the memorial in reference to a U. S. Bank—declaring the U. S. Bank unconstitutional, and appealing to the records and journals of the Convention which framed the Constitution of the United States. He contended that the unconstitutionality of the Bank was an assertion not only not proved, but not attempted to be proved at the present extra session of Congress. We had heard the assertion at the Cross roads, seen it in the public papers, but it had not been proved and could not be proved. Whenever it was attempted, he should undertake to show that the Bank was constitutional, and a measure clearly intended by the Constitution.

Mr. Clay, of Ala. Mr. Morehead and Archer continued the debate.

The vote upon the engrossment of the District Bank Bill was reconsidered for the reason of offering additional amendments.

The Fortification Bill was next considered and was the subject of discussion.

House.—Mr. Sergeant of Penn., as Chairman of the Select Committee upon the subject of the currency, moved that the House resolve itself into Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union upon the Bill, to establish "a Fiscal Bank of the United States."

The motion was sustained. The Speaker called Mr. Clark, of N. Y., to the Chair, and the bill from the Senate was taken up for consideration.

The first hour of the session was devoted to the discussion of the Bank question—the opening speech having been made by the Chairman of the Currency Committee.

Mr. Sergeant, in conclusion of his remarks, showed why the institution would be sustained and respected if it became a law of the land. The action of the Government would be in time to come as it had been in time past. No officer of the Government in the face of the decision of the Supreme Court would dare to refuse the execution of the law under it. No marshall would act thus—no debtor—no citizen.

The floor was given to Mr. McLellen, of N. Y., who moved to strike out the enacting clause for the purpose of making a more general speech in opposition to the Bill. Mr. McLellan classed the Bank Bill with the Loan Bill, and that with the Revenue Bill; and that with the Distribution Bill. All, he said, were intended to fasten upon the country a splendid scheme of banking, and an immense National Debt. They were schemes, the member said, Federal in their character, and worthy of Alexander Hamilton, so famed for the Federal faith.

Mr. Saunders, of N. C., spoke in opposition to the Bill.

The House adjourned between four and five o'clock.

Washington, Aug. 3, 1841.

In the House of Representatives, a resolution was offered by Mr. Oliver, requiring that the yeas and nays shall be taken on all amendments adopted in Committee of the Whole, when such amendments come up for consideration in the House. It was lost by a large vote.

The House went into Committee of the Whole at eleven, and again took up the Fiscal Bank bill from the Senate, the question being on the motion of Mr. McClellan to strike out the enacting clause.

Mr. Mason spoke his hour against the bill.

Mr. Brown, of Pennsylvania, followed.

After much more talking, the Committee rose, and the House adjourned.

In the Senate, after the disposal of memorials and other matters, a resolution was taken up which provides that during executive sessions the doors of the Senate should be open. The majority, however, laid the resolution on the table.

The fortification bill from the House was again taken up, and the Western men grumbled very much that no provision had been made to protect them against the depredations of the Red Skins.

The President sent down his private secretary to say that he had signed the bill providing for a Home Squadron.

General News.

Branch Bank of Illinois Money Recovered.—The St. Louis papers of the 23d ult., mention that a letter had been received from Jacksonville, Illinois, dated the 20th ult., in which it was stated that an anonymous letter had been received by Col. Mather, a few days before, informing him where the money stolen from the bank at that place was concealed. This information he kept secret until night, and late at night he came into town with all the notes and the gold, but not the silver. He then told the President of the Bank and another gentleman, and enjoined them to keep the matter secret until time was allowed him to get to Springfield. The disclosure was made the next morning, and the conduct of Col. Mather in the operation not being approved of altogether, a public meeting was immediately held, and about fifty men pursued him under whip and spur, thinking to overtake him before he reached Springfield. The St. Louis New Era says the letter states that H. D. Town, the teller, had just been arrested on an affidavit made by Mr. Stacy, and was on his way to the magistrate's office followed by a crowd who talked of lynching, &c. The writer expresses the opinion that nothing will be found against him, although public opinion was the other way.

A Good Joke.—We know an editor not a thousand miles from these diggings, (says the Hartford Patriot,) who, "by and with the advice and consent of" his better half, recently had his *whiskers* shaved clean off. The next day he presented himself at the post office window, as usual, and demanded his papers. The clerk did'nt know him, and refused to hand over, unless Mr. Holbrook would send an order for the contents of his box! We told him we would go home and send an order, if he insisted upon it, but that we were astonished he did not recognise us. We finally got our papers, but from the hesitating manner of the clerk, we don't believe he was fully convinced that it was O. K., the Old Kustomer.—The fact is, the loss of a huge pair of whiskers will alter a fellow's looks amazingly. It makes him *bare*-faced, instead of *bear*-faced.

Murderous Affray in Tennessee.—An account is given the Southern papers of an affray which occurred on the Savannah road, in Wayne county, Tenn. It seems that an officer by the name of Stutts went to the house of a man by the name of Brooks, to arrest him, and took with him several persons for that purpose. Upon arriving at the place, Brooks came out with his rifle and shot a young man by the name of Towery, who was along for the purpose of assisting the officer. Towery died immediately. Stutts, the officer, then fired upon Brooks as he retreated into the house, and put two pistol balls into his back. Brooks was living by the last account had from him, but it was thought he had received a mortal wound. A general fight ensued between the constable and his posse, and the friends of Brooks, who attempted to prevent an arrest.

Ship Wreck.—The barque Cutter, Capt. Tarbell, 27 days from Pernambuco for New York, got ashore on Friday night week, at Sandy Hook. She bilged and will be lost. She had 1700 barrels of sugar, valued at $20,000 on board, which is insured in England. Vessel and freight insured in New York. Crew and passengers saved. The sea was very high and breaking entirely over her, by the last accounts. The schr. Excelsior, Capt. Brickmaker, belonging to one of the Underwriters, was dispatched to her assistance. Capt. M. C. Perry of the Navy, despatched a vessel with life boats and men under command of Lieut. Newton to her relief. His promptness on this occasion is worthy of all consideration and is but a foretaste of what benefit the Home Squadron will be enabled to render when fully organized.

Mobs in Nova Scotia.—A letter from Dalhousie, dated 14th inst., in the Halifax Journal, says: "We are in an alarming state here, all law and authority put at defiance by a lawless mob of lumberers and sailors. The Pound had been totally destroyed; the jail partially, and eleven prisoners released. The Sheriff, on the 9th after making a prisoner, was knocked down on the public street at noon day, and the prisoner marched off in triumph by the mob. A great deal of injury done to private property, that is, in the shape of cutting up timber, until they have compelled the merchants to come to their (the mob's) terms. Of course, all business is at a stand—how long this is to continue Lord only knows; they are, however, quiet to-day. Our Collector arrived on Saturday."

The Wilmington Whaling Company, it appears from a notice in the Delaware Gazette, have not been much more successful in their operations than the Newark Company who recently disposed of their vessels. The Gazette says they have now four ships, two at sea, and two in port, one of which is on the eve of departing on her third voyage. They had five ships, but one, the North America, was lost last summer. The company have now been in operation six or seven years; the ships have generally made short voyages, and returned with fair cargoes, and yet the company have not been able to divide any thing from the enterprise. The proceeds have mostly been expended in refitting the ships, and the payment of the officers.

More Aggressions on the African Coast.—The supercargo of the brig Robert, at New York, from Rio Nunez, states that the crews of a British frigate and a brig from Gambia landed at Rio Pongos and burnt a factory at that place, belonging to a native female, and containing a large amount of property deposited there for sale, by English and French Merchants at Gambia, together with about $2000 worth of goods belonging to a house in New York. A quantity of powder exploded, killing two of the crew of the frigate and wounding several others. The British cruizers were annoying the American traders as much as possible, for the purpose of driving them off the coast.

The National Temperance Convention, has adjourned. The Assembly was the largest of the kind it is said that has been held. The number of enrolled members was 560. From New York 286; Massachusetts 50; Vermont 46; Connecticut 23; New Hampshire 4; Rhode Island 2; Maine 3; New Jersey 7; Pennsylvania 9; Maryland 4; Michigan 4; Louisiana 3; Alabama 2; Wisconsin 3; Ohio 3; Illinois 2; Georgia 2; Iowa 1; Sandwich Islands 1, and three places not named. The next great movement seems to be a World's temperance convention in London.

The Elections.—The election in Kentucky commences on the second Tuesday in August.—In Tennessee it commences on the 6th of August, and is for Governor and Legislature.—Polk is the Democratic candidate and Jones the Whig. Great exertions will be made to secure the Legislature, as a vacancy in the U. S. Senate is to be filled. The election in Illinois takes place on the third of August, when the whole delegation to Congress will be chosen. Maine and Vermont vote in September, Alabama in August.

Value of Property in London.—A writer in Blackwood's Magazine, says that the space occupied by the town residences of some of the English nobility would, if let as a building ground, afford more than the revenue of a German potentate. A slip of wharfage cut off from the foot of the garden of one of these produces at this moment upwards of eight thousand pounds per annum, and the garden alone would let for sixteen or eighteen thousand more.

Mysterious Murder at Hoboken.—The body of a respectable young woman, Mary C. Rogers, who resided in Nassau street, N. York, was found at Hoboken on the 28th ult. with marks of violence upon her person. The deceased had been absent from her home since some time on Sunday previous, and appears to have borne an irreproachable character. Her body was found in the river, where it was supposed to have been thrown, after the desperate act of violence was committed. The Sun says she was known as the "beautiful cigar girl."

Trade from New Orleans and Havana.—During the year ending on the 30th June last, the number of vessels that cleared at New Orleans for Havana and Matanzas, was 123 American, and 48 Spanish. During the same year there were exported to the above named ports, 42,789 barrels flour, 77,154 kegs, and 3,539 barrels lard, and 25,380 bales Cotton.

Honors Upon Honors.—John Tyler, President of the United States, has had the degree of LL. D. conferred upon him by the Trustees of Amherst College.

Rail Roads Opened.—The Western rail road will be open in the course of a month, from Pittsfield to the summit, leaving only about 13¼ miles of staging from Boston to Hudson. The entire line will be opened in November.

The Boston and Portland Rail Road has been opened as far as New Market, N. H. a distance of 57 miles.

Female Industry.—Mrs. Oliver Cox, of Henry County, Ga., recently made five beautiful silk shawls, made of doubled and twisted sewing silk, which in texture, weight and color will compare with any India shawls of the same material—four of them were a yard square, and the other, black, about a yard and a half square. Mr. C. raised the worms, reeled and twisted the silk, and knitted the shawls.

An Unnatural Father.—A man named Nicholas Moyer, residing at Friedensburg, Schuylkill county, has been committed to jail for killing his own child. Moyer is said to be a man of very intemperate habits, and not long since a child of his died in a very sudden manner, and it is thought was destroyed by the father.

Statue of Washington.—The Alexandria Gazette states that the ship Sea, from Leghorn, having on board Greenhough's Statue of Washington, designed for the rotunda of the Capitol, passed up for Washington on Friday. Preparations will be immediately made for disembarking the statue, and for its erection.

Temperance in New Orleans.—A very large meeting of citizens was recently held in New Orleans, to devise means for bringing into operation in that city Temperance reformation. The names of the committee men are those of the most distinguished citizens of New Orleans. The co-operation of the clergy and the press was requested.

Naval.—The Norfolk Beacon states that the broad pennants of the three commodores were flying in that harbor at the same time on Wednesday last. They were Com. Morris' on board the Delaware, Com. Shubrick's on board the Pennsylvania, and Com. Morgan's on board the Fairfield.

Another Queen of Song.—Mad'lle. Euphrasie Borghese, a celebrated cantatric, and who has filled the post of prima donna at the Theatre of San Carlos, at Naples, at the Opera comique at Paris, and at the Havana, has recently arrived in this country, and intends to give a series of concerts.

Waste Land in Ireland.—In the reports on Ireland, made in 1819, and reprinted in 1829, it is stated that 5,710,000 of acres still remained in a state of primitive unproductiveness—3,830,000 of bog land 1,500,000 of uncultivated mountain, and the rest of general qualities.

Michigan.—A gentleman from Michigan writes that the surplus wheat product of that State will be this year 2,500,000 bushels; and the surplus pork, 300,000 barrels. If this be so, what an immense transportation business will be done on the Erie canal next fall and spring.

The Waterford Fire.—A Committee appointed by the citizens of Waterford have addressed an earnest appeal to the public, soliciting aid in behalf of the sufferers by the great fire which recently destroyed the best part of that village.

The Levee.—The N. O. Bee of the 23d says:—"We are sorry to perceive the levee still giving way on the opposite side of the river. The slide has extended a distance of about 200 feet, and the water where the caving in occurred, is 32 feet deep."

A Life Lost.—Mr. William Hoover, a respectable and industrious citizen of Williamsport, Md. was killed on Thursday last, by falling from a scaffold which broke down—a stone of three hundred pounds weight fell upon him and crushed him.

The Ecclesiastical Council in the case of Hollis street Society, Boston, have appointed a Committee to draw a report of the result of their deliberation, and have adjourned for one fortnight, when the report of the Committee will be submitted.

Great Rowing Match.—A rowing match is to come off in September, in Halifax harbor, between a New York, Halifax and St. John boat. Each party is to stake one thousand dollars, and the winner to take the sweepstakes.

LL. D's.—At the late commencement of Union College, the degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred upon Samuel Jones, Chief Justice of the Superior Court of the city of New York, and upon George Bancroft, the American historian.

Working Tapestry.—M. Gantillon, of Lyons, France, has recently invented a loom for working tapestry, the productions of which, say the French papers, rival those of the Gobelins, and which will produce in a fortnight what would take the other years to perform.

Cathedral on Fire.—The great Cathedral of St. Peter, in Prince street, New York, was on fire on Saturday morning, but was extinguished without much damage.

Destructive Fire.—Brainerd's Bridge, with two factories adjoining and near the village of Nassau, N. Y. were destroyed by fire on Thursday. Loss estimated at $30,000.

The Wyandots.—The Logan Gazette says, Col. Johnson offers the Wyandots an annuity of $14,000, but the tribe demands $20,000 and will not take less. This comes direct from one of the tribe.

Cheap Enough.—The fare between New York and New Haven has been reduced to twelve and a half cents. The effect of competition.

Bailed.—In the New York Court of Sessions on Thursday, the Recorder decided that Charles F. Mitchell might be admitted to bail in $1500 on each indictment.

The Cotton Crop is expected to yield over 2,000,000 of bales.

City News.

A Female in Sailor's Clothes.—The ship Algonquin, Capt. A. Turley, arrived at this port on Wednesday morning from Liverpool, and learning that he had shipped, on his departure from Liverpool, a female disguised in the habiliments of a sailor, we called upon the Captain and ascertained the following facts: Immediately preceding the sailing of the Algonquin, a stout healthy *boy*, to all appearance, presented himself to Capt. T. and shipped as such for the passage to America.—There was nothing in the manner or appearance of the youth that indicated the sex to be different from what it appeared—the manner being open and frank and the dress as sailor-like as could be desired by the nicest observer of sea gear. She came on board under these false colors and was known by the euphonious cognomen of "*Billy Stewart*"—mixed with the rest of the crew, did the duty that was assigned her, and was cheerful and happy until some lynx-eyed old soldier gave vent to his suspicions that things were not as they seemed to be. From this moment she became dejected and unhappy, and soon after, on the fifth day out, went to the Captain and communicated the fact of her true sex, when Captain T. humanely and very properly ordered her a dress characteristic of her sex, and gave her quarters among the steerage passengers, in which situation she performed the rest of the passage. Her real name is Isabella Stewart, and we are informed by the Captain that she is, or rather *was*, for he has now taken her to his own house, a destitute girl, though, to all appearance, virtuous. She is quite intelligent and good looking, and had taken this method to get a passage to America, where, she had been informed, she would be sure to find friends and relief. The announcement of the fact attracted and kept up quite a crowd around the Algonquin for some hours. Nothing is known of her parents except what she herself states, which is, that they were unable to do any thing for her.

Daring Attempt at Burglary.—A most bold-faced attempt at burglary was made on Sunday afternoon, between 6 and 7 o'clock, upon the house of Judge Bouvier, situated in Race street, one door below Jacoby. Two well-dressed rascals, who it seems were aware of the Judge's absence from town, entered an unfinished building adjoining the premises, and, by means of a ladder, ascended to the roof, and effected an entrance through the back dormitory, in which effort they were discovered by some of the neighbors opposite, who immediately gave the alarm, when the house was surrounded, and after considerable search and difficulty, the culprits were secured, and with them, certain plate, &c. which they had prepared for migration. They were escorted, with all due honor, to the watch-house, and introduced to such lodgings as became "gentlemen" *of their profession*.

Upon enquiry, we ascertained their names to be Reeves and Brown, marked on the Criminal docket O. C.—*old convict*, and who were formerly indebted to the honorable Judge for the hospitalities of the White House at Moyamensing. We opine that the Judge and his old friends will now be *quits*.

The New Bridge at Callowhill Street.—This contemplated superstructure is in progress, the workmen being engaged busily on both sides of the river. On the east side, they are engaged in digging through rock, at a distance of about 50 or 60 feet from the front of the abutment on the river, the depth at the extreme point from the water, of about nine feet, for the purpose of making fast the wire cable of which the bridge is to be constructed. On the west side of the river, at about the same distance as on the east side, back from the front of the abutment, the workmen are also excavating, but not through rock, some twenty or thirty feet, for the purpose of fixing in the fastenings of the ends of the wire cable. The front of the western abutment has been taken down a short space back, for the purpose of being piled and making a permanent foundation. One cable has been made, and may be seen on the road leading between Harding's and the Permanent bridge. It is about two inches in diameter, composed of wire the 16th part of an inch thick, the strands being coated with paint when put together. The bridge, it is expected will be done by the first of March.

Suit Against Mr. Biddle.—On Tuesday the President, Directors and Company of the Bank of the United States of Pennsylvania, through their counsel Wm. Rawle, T. I. Wharton, and F. W. Hubbel, in their suit against Mr. Biddle, filed in the District Court a declaration setting forth the damages sustained by that Institution to the amount of one million of dollars, and also entered a rule upon Mr. Biddle to plead within eight days, or judgment. We understand Messrs. Randall, Dallas, and Meredith, are the counsel engaged by Mr. Biddle.

Insane Asylum for the Poor.—During the last session of our State Legislature, a law was passed providing for the erection of an asylum for the Insane Poor, with a view of carrying out the law, the Governor has appointed the following gentlemen as Commissioners and Trustees. Commissioners—John K. Kane, George Rundle, John W. Ashmead. Trustees, for one year—Richard Rush, Geo. McClelland, M. D. John White.—For two years—Isaac Collins, Michael W. Ash, C. Wallace Brooke. For three years—Jacob Lex, R. Dunglison, M. D. James Campbell.

England and the United States.

It is now settled, beyond controversy, that the Tories will go into power in England. Judging from a speech made by Sir Robert Peel—the future prime minister—at Tamworth, the new administration in Great Britain will be more favorable to this country than their predecessors. After alluding to several financial and commercial questions, such as the sugar duties, the corn laws, and the condition of the manufacturers, Sir Robert held this language in relation to the United States and the Canadas:

"Now let us turn our attention to the northern world, and in that great and important quarter of the globe, one of the best consumers of manufactured produce, let us direct our eyes toward the United States, a country with which I trust we shall long continue to maintain the intimate relations of peaceful and friendly intercourse. (Hear, hear.) I do hope that neither this country nor the United States will be mad enough to allow a difference about a boundary to set them in a hostile position toward each other. Undoubtedly it is necessary for each country to maintain its honor, for without maintaining its honor no country is safe; but I do trust that the good sense, and the moderation of the two countries will lead to the amicable settlement of the existing differences, and that they will not be involved in a contest with a country which boasts a common origin, and speaks a common language with ourselves; for it will be impossible for them to enter into a collision without affecting the interests of humanity and civilization throughout the entire globe. (Cheers.) But the United States are laboring under severe commercial distress.—The same system of ficticious credit has been pursued there as here. The issue of paper and the multiplicity of banks have led to severe commercial distress in that country. Numerous failures have occurred, industry has been paralysed, and the demand for the manufactured articles of England in the United States, has, in consequence, become less. (Hear, hear.) Next, look at the state of the Canadas. I trust that peace is restored there; but there could not be civil war in that country, and parties ranged against each other, without interrupting the course of regular industry, and affecting the demand for the manufactures of England. (Hear, hear.)"

Later from Canton.

The ship Ackbar, Capt. Dumas, arrived at New York on Wednesday morning, with a full cargo of Teas, having sailed from Canton on the 15th April. The latest advices previously received were to the last of March, via England. The news is important.

Commodore Elliott, with the British fleet, had undisputed possession of Canton. His head quarters were then protected by British soldiers. The fleet was lying above and below the place. No intelligence had been received there that the Commodore had been superseded. A large Chinese army occupied the hill, in sight, behind the city, but they offered no interruption to the British arms, nor to the commerce of the place.

Teas were permitted to come into Canton, as usual. The last edict from the Emperor, at Pekin, was, that the barbarians must be exterminated. The Emperor had not heard of the fall of Canton when the Ackbar left. The Chinese Governor had been sent in chains to Pekin for permitting the British to capture the Forts at the Bogue, and it was reported that he had been strangled on the way.

Commodore Elliott promptly opened the port of Canton to all shipping, of every nation. Ten American ships had already arrived, all of which were discharging and taking in cargoes of Teas. A large number of British ships were taking in teas.

All vessels were hurrying to get in their cargoes to get away before any more trouble should break out. Commodore Elliott had declared that if the Chinese prevented Teas from coming in from the country, or obstructed the trade of the city, he would immediately commence hostilities.

There was an abundance of Teas in Canton to load all the ships.

Fashions for August.

Robes of printed Foulard des Indes are very generally worn; the corsage is flat, and the sleeves gathered at distances the whole extent of the arm. The tight sleeve is much worn, ornamented with small ruches from the top to the elbow. In materials there is nothing of any marked novelty. Sarsnets, both plain and shot, Persiennes chines, printed foulards, tartalanes, muslin embroidered organdys, and light fancy silks, are generally in vogue. There is, however, a description of new material which deserves notice, and which appears likely to be much in favor. It is an imitation of lace line with colored silk. Hats and capotes remain in form as in the former part of the season and are made of various light materials. Barin, which was a favorite and fashionable material in the days of our grandmothers, has been revived, and is much used for robes de chambre and morning neglige. Scarfs still retain their universal reign. The latest changes in the toilet are as under:—

Morning neglige.—Redingote of bazin; plaited muslin, fichu; cap a la Rosiere, of plain muslin, trimmed with lilac and straw colored ribbons; slippers of coutil.

Walking Neglige.—Robe of foulard, grey ground with a white pattern; scarf of the same; straw hat, trimmed with blue velvet; small veil; white parasol.

Walking Dress.—Syrian robe; Indian muslin scarf, with a broad hem at the ends, through which is drawn a blue sarsnet ribbon and trimmed with broad lace; chapeau of white crape, ornamented with a long plume of feathers, parasol of white muslin, lined with pink silk and trimmed with lace.

Full Dress.—Robe en tartalane; lace scarf, coral ornaments; boquets.

From Texas.

The steam-packet Savannah, Capt. Wade, has arrived at New Orleans from Galveston, bringing dates from that city to the 18th, and from Houston to the 17th inst. There is very little news.

On Sunday morning, President Lamar arrived at Galveston. It was generally understood that the object of his visit was to despatch Com. Moore, with two armed vessels, to the coast of Mexico, to co-operate with the Yucatanese and Federalists against Vera Cruz, in consequence of the indignity lately offered Judge Webb as Minister. A large portion of the citizens of Vera Cruz, it is said, are friendly to the cause of the Federalists, and it is believed the province could be revolutionized with little difficulty.

On the arrival of the President at Houston, he was escorted into town by a corps of military, and a salute fired on the occasion.

Capt. J. C. Hays lately surprised a party of ten Indians near the Canon de Ubalde, killed eight and captured the remaining two, with all their horses and property. He has ascertained the site of an Indian encampment, above the Canon, and has raised a company of volunteers and gone in quest of it.

The papers are beginning to speak warmly of the Presidential contest between Gen. Samuel Houston and Judge Burnett.

The city of Houston still continues healthy. The weather there has been very warm—the thermometer being as high as 96 deg.

At Galveston, on the 8th, it stood at 102 deg. in the shade.

Before the Savannah left Galveston, the Texas schr. San Antonio had arrived there from a surveying cruise at the Sabine. Com. Moore was on board.

Retail Prices in Market.

Beef, best, per lb.	10a11	Pigs, whole,	$1a$1
" middling,	6a 8	Pigs' Feet, set,	10a12
" Corned,	7a 9	Sheep Tongues, doz.	18a25
Veal,	5a 8	Fresh Tripe, per lb.	4a 6
Mutton,	5a 7	Mince Meat, jar,	$1
Lamb, per qr.	62a87½	Souce Cheese, lb.	9a10½
Pork, fresh, per lb.	5a 7	Dried Plums, qt.	15a20
" pickled, "	6a 8	Sausages, stuffed, lb.	7a 8
Hams, Jersey,	10a12½	Blood Pudding,	7a 8
Jowls,	4a 6	Potatoes, old, peck,	10a12½
Dried Beef,	10a12½	Do. new, ½ pk.	10a12½
Beef's Tongue,	50a62½	Apples, green, ½ pk.	8a12½
Butter, lb.	20a25	Parsnips, qr. peck,	3a 4
Lard,	10a12½	Pickles, per 100,	25a37
Cheese,	6a1[illegible]	Beets, bunch,	3a 5
Eggs, per doz.	12a13½	Carrots, bunch,	2a 3
Fowls, pair,	62a75	Turnips, new, peck,	20a25
Chickens, pair,	37a50	Onions, green, rope,	5a 7
" Live,	31a50	Smearcase, qt.	5a 6
Turkeys,	75a$1½	Lima Beans,	11a12
Pigeons, pair,	25a31¼	Dried Peaches, ½ pk.	20a25
Salmon, pickled, lb.	12a14	Whortleberries,	5a 7
" fresh,	20a25	Dried Apples, ½ pk.	16a20
" dry, lb.	23a25	" Pears, "	37a44
Flounders, fresh, lb.	6a 7	Indian Meal, ½ peck,	8a10
Halibut, per lb.	10a12½	Rye Flour, qr. cwt.	44a50
Black Fish, "	8a10	Wheat " "	75a81
Porgies, "	7a 8	Walnuts, peck,	25a30
Perch, string,	18a31¼	Shellbarks, per qt.	4a 5
Rock, lb.	12a20	Hominy, "	8a10
Pickled Cod,	4a 5	Horseradish, root,	2a 3
Lobsters, live, lb.	8a10	Honey, per lb.	15a18
Terrapins, doz.	$3a$4	Grapes, per qt.	3a 5
Ducks, pair,	62a81	Radishes, bunch,	1a 2
Guinea Fowls, pair,	37a50	String Beans, ½ pk.	8a10
Sallad, qr. peck,	1a 2	Cabbage, head,	3a 5
" head,	1a 2	Rhubarb, bunch,	4a 5
Blackberries,	5a 7	Squashes, each,	1a 2
Peaches, qr. peck,	16a25	Cucumbers, doz.	5a 6
Pears, ½ peck,	6a12½	Nutmegs, each,	6a 8
Green Corn, doz.	10a12½	Egg Plants, "	5a 6
Tomatoes, qr. peck,	10a12½	Watermelons, "	8a37½
Eng. Plums, doz.	12a15	Sweet Potatoes, lb.	2a10

The market presents again this week a great abundance of every thing eatable. There is a good supply of Chickens, which are sold at comparatively moderate prices. All kinds of Meat are abundant, and especially Beef and Mutton. Sweet Potatoes, the first noticed this season, were in market on Wednesday, and, though rather slender, were eagerly sought after at 9 and 10 cents per pound. Corn, Potatoes, Beans, Squashes, Tomatoes, Cucumbers, &c. are very plenty, and at prices according to the supply. There is also a good variety and amount of Fruits in market; but the Peaches, Pears and Apples are all of inferior quality. Watermelons and Nutmegs are coming in pretty fast, but have not arrived at that perfection of sweetness that we hope yet to find. One Jerseyman, on Tuesday, landed from his own patch 800 Watermelons. There are many thousands in market.—*Public Ledger.*

Philadelphia Market.

Bark—The market continues quiet, and prices are steady.

Coffee—There has been an increased demand for all descriptions of Coffee, but most of the holders in first hands have withdrawn from the market until it is ascertained whether or not the late Tariff passed by the House of Representatives, laying a duty on Coffee, will become a law. Prices are full ½ cent per lb higher, 300 bags common Laguyra having been sold at 11 cts per lb, cash.

Cotton—Prices steady, with limited sales.

Flour and Meal—An advance of from 12½ to 25 cts per bbl has been realised on Flour since our last weekly report. Stocks still light, and the supplies and the demand limited. Sales of fresh ground Penna. Flour for export at $5,75 per bbl, and old stock sound at $5,50. A parcel ground from new wheat at $6. Sales of old stock and western at $5,37½, that subject to re-inspection at $5,50, fresh ground $5,75, and a parcel of extra at $6. Rye Flour—Sales at $3,25 per bbl. Corn Meal—Sales on Friday week at $2,87½, subsequently upward of 2,000 bbls, at $3 each for Penna. Meal.

Grain—Supplies of all kinds continue light, and prices are fully supported. Old crop Penna. is held at $1,24a1,25. A lot of good new crop Delaware sold at $1,22 per bushel. Rye—No farther sales. Corn—Sales of Southern flat yellow at 65a66 cts, and white at 68; Penna. yellow at 65, and round at 67½ cts, afloat. Oats—No Southern at market; we quote it at 40 cts.

Lead—A lot of 2,300 pigs Missouri sold at 4¼ cts pr lb, 6 mos. which leaves the market bare in first hands.

Provisions—The market exhibits no change since Friday week. Moderate sales at steady prices.

Sugars—No sales of any extent have transpired.

Teas—Holders have advanced their rates about 5 cts per lb, but the transactions have been limited. A public sale in New York yesterday, will test the present value of Teas.

Tobacco—Market quiet.

Whiskey—Last sales in bbls were at 20½ cts—*North American.*

Our Mail Receipts.

We are daily in the receipt of letters enclosing money with the request to return a receipt by mail. We do not send receipts in that way. Every dollar *received by mail*, at this office, is acknowledged as below. Subscribers will please notice this.

Subscribers living in the vicinity of a Post Master can call upon him and have their letters containing money *franked*, if the letter contains nothing but what relates to the business of the office. Many hundred dollars might be saved us, if attention was generally paid to this matter.

Receipts for the S. E. Post from the 23d July to the 4th August.

July 22, received from

Wm. Neely,	$6 00	C. Karch,	3 00
G. A. Mix,	2 00	S. Bartlett, Esq.	10 00
J. Nelson,	2 00	M. A. Granain,	3 00
Jas. Pierce, agt.	86 00	C. J. Carman,	5 00
W. Batton,	2 00	A. C. Boyd, Esq.	10 00
S. W. Shackleford,	6 00	R. R. Meare,	3 00
J. C. Champlin, Esq.	11 00	T. E. Chapin,	5 00
C. E. Perkins,	2 00	C. D. Goodwin,	3 00
E. T. Chapman,	2 00		
July 23.			
J. Chapman,	2 00	W. Blodget,	2 00
J. Heald,	2 00	F. P. Fletcher,	2 00
H. R. Marseilles,	4 00	A. Allen, Esq.	10 00
Abm. Pratt,	4 00	J. H. Harper,	2 00
B. Weaver,	2 00	J. Hopkins,	1 25
A. Edmonds,	2 00	J. T. Warner,	2 00
J. Rayman,	2 00	W. W. Wells,	5 00
J. Griffin,	2 00	J. Hess,	3 00
W. C. Cormack,	3 00	J. A. Davis,	3 00
F. D. Flanders, Esq	10 00	J. M. Lauren,	4 00
July 24.			
R. Barker,	1 00	G. Cook,	2 00
J. Jarrett,	2 00	E. Chester,	1 00
P. Lewis,	1 00	W. J. Jennings,	3 00
C. Sedenger,	1 00	J. Petty, Jr	10 00
M. Bellamy,	3 00	E. Hawley,	2 00
H. Conrad,	2 00	T. R. Tracy,	2 00
Alex. Butcher,	4 00	F. A. Zitzman,	2 00
Jas. H. Van Reed,	7 00	J. W. Thomas,	2 00
G. W. Halby,	6 00	L. Adams,	2 00
J. F. Easton, agt	65 11	Stafford & Kiff,	4 00
N. W. Lisly,	2 00	S. Howell,	5 00
W. Babb,	1 00		
July 26.			
T. Bishop,	2 00	A. Hollahan,	2 00
J. Nelson,	2 00	J. M. Smith,	2 00
D. H. Tuthill,	2 00	J. Ternan,	1 00
G. Conly,	2 00	J. Wood,	2 00
Hy. Latham,	2 00	S. H. Magran,	2 00
Wm. Reed,	2 00	W. A. Deitrich,	4 00
Wm. Patton,	7 50	S. W. Shackleford,	1 00
J. H. Hart,	2 00	J. C. Washington,	5 00
Benj. Archer,	2 00	R. G. Bereford,	5 00
A. F. Strong,	3 00	S. McCheton,	2 00
A. C. Clark,	2 00	A. Goodwin,	2 00
J. H. Reppert,	3 00	J. Dukemanere,	4 00
H. C. Clark,	3 00	J. Bishop,	2 00
G. Payne,	5 00	E. E. Bush,	3 00
R. C. Barton,	5 00	A. Bartolett,	6 00
P. C. Brady,	3 00	J. Hunt, Esq	10 00
J. A. Drew, Esq.	20 00	Jas. Harris, Esq.	10 00
R. C. Canley, Esq	20 00	Jas. C. Crane, Esq.	10 00
A. Groves,	2 00	T. C. Bull,	5 00
C. Woodward,	2 00	C. Wall,	4 00
S. Keyser,	2 00	Jas. P. Watson,	3 00
H. Shively,	2 00		
July 27.			
E. Yarnall,	2 00	A. Morse,	2 00
W. F. Birney, Esq.	19 00	W. G. Payne,	6 00
W. Yocum,	2 00	J. T. Peterson,	2 00
Jesse Dungan,	4 00	G. W. Thayer,	5 00
A. Fister,	2 00	F. P. Weston,	3 00
W. Bond,	2 00	M. J. Lawson, Esq	10 00
O. H. P. Stem, agt	20 00	J. Kinaffie,	3 00
A. W. Rose,	2 00	C. T. Amory,	3 00
N. H. Owings,	2 00	M. Laury,	3 00
A. W. Morton,	2 00	W. Stacey,	3 00
G. F. Horton,	2 00	M. Houston,	3 00
July 28.			
L. F. Anderson,	2 00	D. F. Bonnell, Esq	10 00
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R. Solomon,	2 00	J. N. Richardson,	6 00
G. D. Foster,	2 00	A. D. Pope,	6 00
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B. Pierce,	2 00	A. J. Skiff,	3 00
G. W. Mead,	2 00	G. E. Horner,	5 00
J. Golthorne,	2 00	L. J. Cornett,	3 00
J. Hutchinson,	2 00		
July 29.			
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W. Shoemaker,	2 00	E. M. Hall,	2 00
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S. Lincoln, Esq	25 00	A. S. Moss,	3 00
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T. W. Warner,	5 00		
July 30.			
J. Gunkle,	2 00	A. Bennett,	2 00
A. E. Richmond,	2 00	A. Allen,	2 00
C. W. Price,	2 00	Wm. Hall, Jr	5 00
J. C. McKibbin,	1 25	Wm. Hoyl,	2 00
H. Kora,	2 00	W. Boyer,	2 00
R. Harner,	2 00	J. H. Stedman,	6 00
W. H. Boyle,	3 00	H. Hart,	3 00
A. Hannis,	6 00	S. M. Gibb,	3 00
J. Shaffer,	2 00	E. Pierce,	2 00
J. S. Levering,	2 00	H. J. Foster,	5 00
J. Smith,	2 00	C. C. Carleton,	3 00
M. Miller,	2 00	H. Taylor,	5 00
T. E. Baxter,	4 00	W. R. Riddick,	5 00
H. Patterson,	4 00	T. McCrea,	3 00
Jas. Branch,	2 00	J. C. Bunting,	5 00
H. Wheeler,	2 00	W. J. Bush,	5 00
July 31.			
W. W. Smith,	1 00	E. Lisle,	2 00
G. W. Brown,	2 00	D. Cook,	5 00
Q. L. Bicknell,	6 00	T. Liverley,	1 00
H. Townsend,	2 00	Jas. A. Barger, Esq	19 00
L. H. Wilts,	2 00	J. McPherson,	2 00
J. S. Guy,	2 00	P. S. Runyon, Esq.	10 00
A. G. Willis, agt	34 30	J. D. West,	5 00
W. E. Bruce,	2 00	L. R. Yates,	5 00
D. A. Bulkley,	9 00	M. Pope,	3 00
J. Blair,	4 00	G. A. Hibbs,	2 00
J. Myers,	3 00	S. D. McDonald,	2 00
J. Albertson,	4 00	P. C. Fry,	2 00
Jas. Wood,	4 00	A. A. Bell,	5 00
J. E. Cole,	2 00	G. R. Reppert,	5 00
J. S. Hurley,	2 00	M. T. Rawles,	5 00
S. Collins,	4 00	J. Kugler,	3 00
Stephen Kirby,	8 00	J. Clemens,	3 00
J. Brewer,	1 00	C. W. Stoddard,	5 00
Jas. Moorhead,	1 00	Jas. Colman,	3 00
N. F. Butcher,	2 00		
August 2.			
D. Smith,	5 00	G. W. Boyle,	2 00
P. Wolfersberger,	2 00	R. Shaw, Esq.	25 00
G. S. Passmore,	2 00	L. P. Quinton, Esq	20 00
F. Lee,	5 00	W. A. Gray,	3 00
J. Brown,	2 00	J. A. Reeve,	3 00
J. F. Long,	5 00	D. M. Newson, Esq.	20 00
J. O. Bassett,	2 00	J. J. Moyer,	5 00
W. M. Ferry,	2 00	R. S. Ross, Esq	20 00
S. Jenner,	2 00	F. O. Proctor, Esq	25 00
E. T. Richardson,	2 00	B. Snow,	3 00
H. C. Lester,	5 00	Ramsay & Thorn,	25 00
J. Owens,	2 00	L. T. Bassett,	2 00
J. Crouser,	2 00	D. O. Johnson, Esq	20 00
J. L. Moffatt,	2 00	J. Link,	3 00
W. L. G. Hunt,	1 00	Carter & Hall,	20 00
J. C. Pearce,	2 00	E. M. Wharton,	3 00
S. Baker,	2 00	F. Oliver, Esq	25 00
G. Curtis,	6 00	D. W. Hall, Esq	15 00
J. M. Cole,	5 00	B. A. Bonney, Esq	10 50
M. A. Givin,	3 00	D. W. Nunn,	5 00
August 3.			
D. Ruff,	2 00	S. Graham,	2 00
H. W. Gunon,	5 00	Jas. Bludworth, Esq	10 00
F. Bull,	1 00	R. Peete,	6 00
W. C. Stewart,	2 00	J. A. Scott,	3 00
J. M. Bislang,	1 00	A. Slaughter,	3 00
Reil & Fitzchild,	2 00	J. E. Sheegey,	3 00
S. Stewart,	2 00	B. B. Spicer,	2 00
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C. N. Condet,	2 00	E. Boswell,	2 00
T. Palmer,	2 00	A. E. Gray,	5 00
J. F. Babbitt,	2 00	H. J. Pryor,	5 00
T. Palmer, Esq	10 00	S. J. Fyler,	5 00
J. Elder,	2 00	Wm. A. Marks,	3 00
C. J. Burnett,	2 00	H. J. Stokes,	5 00
L. K. Brown,	2 00	M. Langley,	3 00
E. D. Rice,	2 00	H. G. Gavott,	5 00
A. L. Rube,	1 00	M. A. Say,	5 00
C. B. Martin,	2 00	J. W. Frantz,	3 00
August 4.			
B. Pryan,	2 00	A. Stein,	2 00
R. J. Steel,	2 00	A. J. Williams,	2 50
R. A. Henderson,	2 00	A. Comens,	5 00
W. Dawson,	6 62	L. A. Fuller,	5 00
J. Tomlin,	2 50	G. Weston,	5 00
W. Goodwin,	7 00	J. Weed,	2 50
L. L. Baldwin,	1 00	J. T. Hanson,	5 00
J. W. Abraham,	2 00	L. T. Bell,	3 00
T. Severn, agt	75 00	R. F. Stinson,	5 00
C. W. James, per		M. J. Talbot, Esq	16 00
I. E. James,	100 00	S. Underwood,	5 00
J. Jones,	2 00	J. C. Stanley,	2 50
M. Strong,	1 50	Sam. R. Jenkins, Esq.	33 50
A. Jones,	3 00		

An Extraordinary Rescue.

The N. Y. Sun says:—"On Friday morning week, as Mr. Philip Smith, was walking in the neighborhood of the state prison wharf, he heard the screams of an infant, apparently proceeding from the water, and hastening in that direction, he discovered in the dock a woman about 25 years of age, who had been in the water till her clothes had become saturated and sunk, and herself so exhausted with her efforts, and overcome by the water she had swallowed, as to be unable to use her voice at all. She, however, hung on with one hand to a log of the dock with a death-grip, and in her other arm she supported an infant some three months old, whose cries it was that had fortunately attracted Mr. Smith to the spot. Mr. Smith instantly procured the assistance of a couple of men whom he discovered a short distance off, and between them they managed to save both mother and child. They did so by taking one of their party by the heels, lowering him down in the dock till he could reach the sufferers, and after hauling him up with the infant in his hands, performing the same kind office for the mother."

The War in Candia.

The struggle in the island of Candia, was in fearful progress at the last accounts. Several battles had been fought, in some of which immense slaughter had taken place on both sides. A letter under date of the 14th of June, says:

"The war since our last has increased into an inveterate conflict in the mountains of Spakia. On the 4th the Turks who had entered on these heights were suddenly attacked in the rear, and all their courage was inadequate to defend them from the masses of stone and branches and trunks of trees which were hurled down upon them from the summits by their almost invisible enemies. A detachment of 300 Arabs was, as it were, engaged between two inaccessible mountains, and forced to surrender. In other points also the Turks were met with an irresistible resistance, and compelled to fall back. The insurgents estimate their own losses upon this day at from 300 to 400 men, but make that of the Mussulmans, including prisoners, amount to between 1000 and 1200. On the 13th another battle was fought."

A NEW VOLUME.
IN SPLENDID STYLE.
July, 1841.

GRAHAM'S LADY'S AND GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

The great increase in the subscription list of this highly popular Magazine (the edition having more than doubled in less than six months,) induced the proprietor, to commence a new volume, with the July number. It is issued in the most attractive style, with the first of a new series, of

Rich Original Engravings,

got up in a manner, that shall surpass any used, in any other American Magazine. In addition to the fact, that we employ the talent of the very best American artists, in the engraving of the plates for this work, it must be remembered, the most of the subjects selected, are

Original American Pictures,

which *have never been before engraved*, and are consequently, the newest that can be brought before the public.

Highly Colored Fashions.

It must be remembered, that the Fashion plates of this Magazine, are the best in coloring and design that can be found in any work published, in this country or in Europe. They are engraved and colored for this Magazine, by the best artists that the country can produce, and are drawn, *always* from the latest designs from Paris and London, and consequently may always be relied upon as the prevailing style in the United States, for the month in which they are issued. We pay more for *coloring* than any other publication, and always have the *best*.

The July number contains the following splendid embellishments, procured at great expense, and it may be safely asserted that no three dollar magazine published in this country, ever expended as much upon a single number.

Cottage Life.—A magnificent steel engraving, prepared expressly for the magazine, by Rawdon, Wright, Hatch & Smillie, New York.

The Gleaners.—Another beautiful steel plate, engraved for the magazine by Eldridge.

Fashions.—Four figures, handsomely colored. Two ladies and two gentlemen. A feature peculiar to this magazine.

Sports and Pastimes.—Illustrated with an engraving.

Music.—"Away then to the Mountains," three pages.

Our Beautiful Mezzotint Engravings.

It affords us much satisfaction to be able to state to our exchanges and subscribers, that we have made arrangements with Mr. SARTAIN, the accomplished mezzotint engraver, whose plates have contributed so much to the beauty of the magazine heretofore, by which we secure *his splendid mezzotints for this work alone*. No other magazine of this kind can have them *without permission from us*.

This we take to be a good move, and although the preference is *purchased by us at a very heavy expense*, we are confident *that nothing can be got up to equal them in beauty, or to compete with them in popularity*. The engagement is permanent, and is confined to magazine work alone. The artist will still furnish his incomparable plates for all other purposes.

These beautiful engravings will consequently appear as often as they can be furnished by the artist. The immense increase in the edition rendering it necessary that *two or three plates of the same subject* must be prepared for every number in which they are used. We print now per month an edition of

17,000 Copies,

And, at the present rate of increase, shall soon have an edition unequalled in the history of magazine publishing in this country, or in Europe. We confidently assert, that no work of the kind ever started here, has secured so wide a circulation in the same space of time.

Our Splendid Steel Engravings.

We have also entered into a distinct and permanent arrangement with Rawdon, Wright, Hatch & Smillie, of New York, for a series of splendid engravings, *to be got out in a style unsurpassed by any that have ever been done in this country*. The wide spread fame of these artists is a sufficient guarantee of the character of the work, that we shall receive from their hands. So that with such an organization, we may safely defy competition in the way of embellishments, show the world.

A Pattern for Others to Follow

in the way of liberal and judicious expenditure, and fix a new era in the history of magazine publishing in this country. It is a libel upon American artists to presume that the *worn-out plates of old English Annuals* are to compete with, or be preferred, to the beautiful creations of their genius, taste, and skill.

The Contributors.

In addition, to the unusually fine array of original contributors, which the Magazine has thus far boasted, arrangements have been made with a number more, of the best writers of the day, so that space and variety may be looked for in the literary department of the new volume.

Sports and Pastimes.

This interesting feature of the Magazine shall still be preserved as important to young sportsmen, and in fact to all young or old, who delight in the sports of the rod and the gun. Articles in this department shall be from acknowledged pens, and of the very best authority.

New Type and Paper.

The volume is opened with a new and beautiful type, cast expressly for the work, the mechanical execution is of surpassing neatness, and the printing is upon the finest white paper.

New and Popular Music.

The choicest pieces of new and popular music for the Piano forte and Guitar shall be selected for its pages, and two or more pages shall appear regularly each month. In this way subscribers in remote country towns, can always have the latest music at low rates, almost as soon as it is published.

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The terms are $3 for a single subscription, and in no case will the price be abated, or *two copies* for $5 free of postage and discount, ALWAYS IN ADVANCE. *No subscriber received in any case without the money.* This rule is imperious and will not be departed from.

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and send their papers, hereafter, addressed to the Saturday Evening Post, which will save the publisher *postage*.

CURE for Deafness.—Scarpa's Compound Kreosote Acoustic Oil, for the cure of DEAFNESS, pains in the ears, and also all those disagreeable noises like the buzzing of insects, falling of water, whizzing of steam, &c. &c. which are symptoms of approaching deafness, and also generally attended with the disease.

The application of the oil produces no pain, but on the contrary an agreeable and pleasant sensation. The recipe for this medicine has been obtained from an English Artist of great reputation, who has found from long observation, that deafness, in nineteen cases out of twenty, was produced either from a want of action in the nerves of hearing, or a dryness in the ears, his object therefore was to find something that would create a healthy condition in those parts. After a long series of experiments with the Kreosote, in combination with a great number of other medicines, his efforts were at last crowned with success, in the discovery of this preparation, which has received the name of SCARPA'S COMPOUND KREOSOTE ACOUSTIC OIL. It has been used in this country about one year, and so wonderful has been its effects in curing and relieving the deaf, that, from pure motives of humanity, it is now offered to the public, that all may have an opportunity of proving its efficacy. A long list of certificates might be given, but such is the confidence in the medicine, and so high has been its reputation, that no use will be made of them, knowing also, that the names of Dr. this one, Professor that one, and General such a one, when appended to certificates of specific medicines, are in the majority of cases all a "humbug." It is only necessary to add, that this medicine has been recommended and used by many of the best physicians and surgeons in Europe and in this country.

Free directions accompany each bottle. Sold wholesale and retail by D. JAYNE, No. 20 south Third street, Philadelphia, and also by most of the Druggists in the city. tf

THE American Medical Library and Intelligencer, a concentrated record of Medical Science and Literature. By Robley Dunglison, M. D. Professor of the Institutes of Medicine, etc. in Jefferson Medical College of Philadelphia.

CONTENTS.

Medical Intelligencer.—Art. I.—Treatment of Rheumatism by Inoculation with Morphia, by Q. Gibbon, M. D.; art. II.—Lusus Naturæ, by Wm. S. Thruston, M. D.; art. III.—On the Order of Succession in which the Vital Actions are arrested by Asphyxia, by John Reid, M. D., F. R. C. P. E.

Bibliographical Notices.—Robertson on the Teeth; Traill's Medical Jurisprudence; Sir James Clark on Climate; Tweedie's Library of Medicine; Rauch's Psychology; New York Medical Gazette.

Miscellaneous Notices.—Dr. Paine and Dr. Bowditch; Water Doctors; Stewart on the Diseases of Children; Medical College of Ohio; William and Mary College, Virginia; Pennsylvania Medical College; Medical College of the State of South Carolina; Vermont Academy of Medicine; Medical Department of Transylvania University; Berkshire Medical School; Poisoning by Solution of Acetate of Lead; Lead found in the Urine; On the Employment of Arsenious Acid in Phthisis Pulmonalis, by M. Trousseau; On Tincture of Iodine as a Topical Application to Phagedenic Chancres, by M. Ricord; Entropion cured by Autoplasty, by M. Berard; Jaundice from Non-Elimination, together with Remedies on the Pathological Condition and Chemical Nature of the Bile, by W. H. Lowe, M. D.; Observations on Dropsy of the Pericardium, by John Mackenzie, Esq., Surgeon; New Method of employing Iodine in Phthisis, by A. Leigh, M. D., Jersey; Cases of Neuralgia Facialis cured by Operation, by T. T. Lambert, Surgeon, Hull; On the Use of Splints in Chorea, by G. Southam, Surgeon, Salford.

Necrology.—The late Dr. Hope—Dr. M'Nevin.

Medical Library.—I. The Sanative Influence of Climate, with an Account of the best places of Resort for Invalids in England, the South of Europe, &c. by Sir James Clark, Bart. M. D., F. R. S., Physician in Ordinary to the Queen and to the Prince Albert.

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ALMANAC.

Aug. 1841.	SUN RISES	SUN SETS	HIGH WATER	MOON'S PHASES.
7 Saturday,	5 3	6 57	5 32	
8 Sunday,	5 4	6 56	6 16	D. H. M.
9 Monday,	5 5	6 55	7 3	
10 Tuesday,	5 6	6 54	7 54	Full 2 4 55
11 Wednesday,	5 7	6 53	8 50	Last 10 1 13
12 Thursday,	5 8	6 52	9 51	New 16 4 28
13 Friday,	5 9	6 51	10 56	First 23 4 27
14 Saturday,	5 10	6 50	11 59	Full 31 8 32

Philadelphia Post Office.

Arrivals and Departure of Mails.

ARRIVES.		DEPARTS.	
Eastern,	at 2 A. 12 P. M.	Eastern	at 8 A. M. & 4 P. M.
Western,	4 1-2 A. 11 1-2 P. M.	Western	5 A. M. & 10 P. M.
Southern,	5 P. M.	Southern	5 A. M.

Married,

On the evening of the 27th ult. by the Rev. Thos. Brainerd, Mr. John Tillotson, to Miss Catharine, daughter of Wm. Ripperger, Esq.

By the Rev. George Chandler, on the evening of the 28th ult. Mr. Henry Geisler, to Miss Mary Hibbs, of Bucks county.

At Snow Hill, Maryland, on Tuesday, 27th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Graff, George H. Martin, of this city, to Sally E. daughter of Isaac P. Smith, of the former place.

On the 28th ult. by the Rev. N. S. Harris, Mr. George M. Gallagher, of Wilmington, Del. to Miss Elizabeth Watson, of Southwark.

On the 29th ult. by the Rev. Asher Moore, Edward Lafourcade, to Caroline, daughter of Jacob Mayland, Sr. all of this city.

On the 31st ult. by the Rev. J. B. Hagany, Mr. Minard W. Wilson, to Miss Elizabeth White, of this city.

At New York, on the 29th ult. by the Rev. J. H. Martyn, Mr. Henry B. Morgan, to Miss Claudina Josephine La Basse.

In St. Louis, on Wednesday evening, the 21st ult. by the Rev. Mr. Ballard, Mr. Charles Amet, to Miss Alice Isabella Gibbs, both of Philadelphia.

On the 29th ultimo, by the Rev. Jacob M. Douglass, Mr. Martin Wolf, to Miss Elizabeth Page, all of Spring Garden.

On Monday morning, 2d inst. in the Budd street Baptist Church, by the Rev. Daniel Dodge, Mr. George P. Nice, to Miss Sarah Kirk, all of this city.

On the 15th of July, at Elizabethtown, Lancaster county, by the Rev. L. Gerhardt, Mr. William Cleckner, to Miss Sarah Fleming, both of Harrisburg.

On the 29th ult. by the same, Mr. Henry G. Long, Esq. of Lancaster, to Miss Catharine Haldeman, of Donegal.

On Tuesday evening, 20th ult. by the Rev. Daniel Dodge, Mr. John N. Baldwin, to Miss Mary Ann Davis, all of Spring Garden.

On the 18th ult. by the Rev. J. S. Inskip, Mr. Eli Kellum, to Miss Emeline Harper, both of this city.

On the 19th ult. by the Rev. Samuel A. Bumstead, Chas. Adams, to Ann Maria Downing, all of Manayunk.

On the 1st inst. by elder John J. Porter, Mr. James Morgan, to Miss Catharine M. Gillis, all of this city.

On the 26th ult. by the Rev. Joseph Castle, Mr. A. C. Dickinson, to Miss Julia Ann Wager, second daughter of Wm. J. Baker, Esq. all of Spring Garden.

Died,

On the 29th ult. of pulmonary consumption, Mr. Samuel Bard, in the 46th year of his age.

On the 30th ult. at the residence of her parents, N. E. corner Tenth and Cherry streets, Mary Ann Virginia, only daughter of Thomas and Bridget Fitnam, aged 6 years and 3 months.

On the 30th ult. Wm. Henry Hallman, aged 5 years and 28 days.

On the 30th ult. Elieta, daughter of J. G. and Rachel Ambler, aged 2 years, 2 months and 8 days.

On the 30th ult. after a lingering illness, Thomas Evans, in the 41st year of his age.

On the 30th ult. David Abrahams, son of Isaac Abrahams, aged 12 years, 5 months and 18 days.

On the 29th ult. at Germantown, Trevor Wilson, aged 2 months and 5 days.

On the 29th ult. Miss Elizabeth Bolton, aged 21 years.

On the 1st instant, in the 37th year of her age, Mrs. Miller, relict of the late Charles Miller.

On the 1st inst. George R. son of Geo. R. and Helen S. Lawton, in the 10th year of his age.

On the 1st inst. Mrs. Ann Lee Hughes, in the 62d year of her age.

On the 31st ultimo, after a lingering illness, Catharine, daughter of Nicholas Ealing.

On the 1st inst. Mary E. Lockwood, aged 25 years.

On Friday evening, 30th ult. of consumption, Cornelius Duncan, in the 64th year of his age.

On the 27th ult. Almina, daughter of John and Margaret Martin, in the 9th year of her age.

At the residence of her sister, in Philadelphia, on the 23d ult. Sarah A. Mallery, wife of Captain Mallery, of Germantown, and daughter of the late General Elijah Lawrence, of New Jersey.

On the 29th ult. Henrietta Leibrandt, wife of Frederick Leibrandt, Sr. aged 70 years.

On the 28th ult. George Espy, aged 56 years.

On the 29th ult. Elizabeth Bunting, widow of the late Philip S. Bunting, in the 73d year of her age.

At Washington, on the 26th ult. Mary E. wife of Arthur S. Magenis, of St. Louis, Missouri, and only surviving child of Col. William MacRea, dec'd, late of the U. S. Army.

On the 1st ult. near Little Rock, Ark. Capt. Richard D. C. Collins, late of the U. S. Army, aged 37 years.

On the 26th ult. Mrs. Bridget Loughery, in the 43d year of her age.

On the 27th ult. Christiana Kenderdine, in the 76th year of her age.

On the 26th ult. Susanna, daughter of Michael and Elizabeth Keenan, aged 7 months and 21 days.

On the 29th ultimo, John, son of Robert and Elizabeth Hutchinson, aged 7 months and 16 days.

On the 27th ult. aged 1 year, Catharine Regina, daughter of Henry and Jane Crilly.

Suddenly, on the 29th ult. Mr. William W. Ware, in the 41st year of his age.

At New Orleans, on the 14th ult. Captain Aaron Brewster, a native of Kingston, Mass.

On Saturday morning, 31st ult. Mary Moffitt, wife of Richard Moffitt, aged 48 years.

Lost overboard from brig J. H. Cheney, on the passage from Trinidad to New York, L. Dunning, of Maine, seaman.

On the 31st ult. of pulmonary consumption, Miss Caroline Smith, in the 41st year of her age.

On the 1st inst. of dysentery, Charles Lear, only son of Joseph and Rachel Brown, aged 18 months and 21 days.

Suddenly, on Friday afternoon, 30th ult. Mrs. Martha Fizell, in the 51st year of her age.

At Santiago de Cuba, on the 1st of July, Francis T. Harley, son of George and Ann Harley, of this city, in the 20th year of his age.

In New York, on Sunday, 1st inst. after a lingering illness, Capt. Eli Curtis, aged 44 years.

In New York, on Saturday morning, 31st ult. in the 50th year of her age, Mrs. Isabella Kirkpatrick.

On the 21st of July, at his residence, (Enniscothy,) in Albemarle county, Va. Col. Isaac A. Coles, brother of Edward Coles of this city. He was a member of the Virginia Legislature, and a gentleman universally respected for his many virtues and acquirements.

On the 2d inst. Charles Quigley, son of Dominic and Mary Quigley, in the 6th year of his age.

On the 2d inst. after a short illness, Elizabeth McCormick, in the 29th year of her age.

After a protracted illness, Mrs. Mary Nevell, in the 70th year of her age.

On the 2d instant, Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas and Catharine Orrell, aged 13 months.

On the 31st ult. Samuel Souder, son of Wm. H. and Jane Begley, aged 9 months and 11 days.

On the 3d inst. Mr. Joseph Worrell, aged 76 years.

On Tuesday morning, 3d instant, Emily Louisa, infant daughter of Henry M. and Caroline J. Kimmey, aged three months and 19 days.

At Norfolk, on Wednesday morning, on board the U. S. ship Pennsylvania, after a short illness, Dr. John R. Chandler, Surgeon of the U. S. Navy.

On the evening of the 31st ult. George W. infant son of George and Maria Seyferheld, aged 5 months and 15 days.

Health Office, July 31, 1841.

INTERMENTS

In the City of Philadelphia, Southwark, Northern Liberties, Moyamensing, Penn Township, and Kensington,
From the 24th to the 31st of July.

DISEASES.	Adults.	Children.	DISEASES.	Adults.	Children.
Apoplexy,	2	0	Brought over,	32	57
Cancer of the Womb,	1	0	—Typhoid,	2	0
Casualties,	0	1	Inflammation of the Brain,	2	2
Cancrum Oris,	0	1	—Throat,	0	1
Croup,	0	1	—Lungs,	0	2
Congestion of Lungs,	0	1	—Bowels,	1	2
Consumption of the Lungs,	11	5	—Umbilical Cord,	0	1
Convulsions,	0	10	Intemperance,	1	0
Cachexia,	1	0	Jaundice,	1	0
Diarrhœa,	1	8	Marasmus,	0	6
Dropsy,	2	0	Malformation,	0	1
—Abdominal,	1	0	Mortification,	1	1
—Head,	0	9	Mania a Potu,	1	0
Disease of Brain,	0	3	Old Age,	2	0
—Heart,	1	0	Palsy,	1	0
Drowned,	3	2	Rupture of Uterus,	1	0
Dysentery,	5	5	Scrofula,	0	1
Debility,	0	6	Small Pox,	1	1
Effusion on Brain,	0	1	Still Born,	0	6
Effects of Laudanum,	1	2	Summer Complaint,	0	39
Fever,	1	0	Suffocation,	1	0
—Congestive,	1	0	Teething,	0	1
—Bilious,	1	1	Ulcers,	1	0
—Typhus,	1	0	Unknown,	3	0
Carried over,	32	57	Total, 172—	51	121

Of the above there were 9 from the almshouse, 1 from the country, and 12 people of color, which are included in the total amount.

By order of the Board of Health,
SAMUEL P. MARKS, Clerk.

State of the Thermometer.

	9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
July 25,	82	88	91
26,	76	78	79
27,	72	74	77
28,	76	79	81
29,	70	72	76
30,	74	76	74
31,	71	71	70

A New Volume in Beautiful Style,
August, 1841.
ROBERT MERRY'S MUSEUM,
Edited by S. G. Goodrich, author of Peter Parley's Tales.

THE unprecedented success which has thus far attended this highly valuable and popular Juvenile Magazine has induced the publishers to commence a new volume with the August number, which will embrace several improvements. In the short space of six months this work has attained a circulation of more than

7000 COPIES.

The great object in view is to do good; to aid in the formation of character; to excite reflection; to cultivate a love for pure and innocent pleasures and recreations; to elevate the tone of morals; to promote a love of mankind and a reverence for religion, by inculcating kindly sentiments, and that species of politeness which is founded in the obligation to do to another as we would have another do to us.

Their large and rapidly increasing subscription list has induced the publishers to commence a

NEW VOLUME

in a style that will surpass any magazine of the kind ever issued from the American press. Determined to produce a work every way adapted to the wants of the juvenile community, preparations have been made to introduce (at great expense) a set of designs just

IMPORTED FROM EUROPE.

The first of the series will be given in the August number. These designs will be executed by the best artists, and

COLORED

in a beautiful and attractive style. A page of

MUSIC

will accompany each number, *composed expressly for the work by Geo. J. Webb, President of the Handel and Haydn Society.*

In a word we promise to furnish our young readers with a large quantity of matter at a small price, which we hope will make them wiser, happier, and better.

TERMS.

One copy,	1 year,	1 50
Four copies,	1 "	5 00
Nine do.	1 "	10 00

To school teachers and others interested in the education of youth we will forward

Twenty do.	1 "	20 00

The remittances to be made in current money free of expense. All letters to be POST PAID.

DREW & SCAMMELL, Publishers, *Periodical Booksters*,
Corner of Third and Dock streets, Philadelphia.

☞ Papers in the South and West favorable to the cause of education will please copy the above, *send a paper to the publishers, marked*, and receive the work for one year. tt

DEAFNESS.—Taylor's Gutta Vegetabilis.—*An infallible Remedy for Deafness.*—The great success which has attended the application of this valuable remedy in some hundred cases to the Westminster Dispensary for disease of the Eye and Ear, for which Letters Patent have been obtained by H. Taylor, M. D. from the English Government, and the sanction it has received from the Royal Academy of Medicine in Paris, as well as from the following Medical gentlemen, Mr. Abernethy—Sir Astly Cooper—Drs. Roston, Cullis, Drake, and L. Magdale, Acrel, &c. and other Aurists and Surgeons, inferior to none, as Medical Practitioners, who have used and recommended it.

The fame of the Gutta Vegetabilis throughout France and Germany, caused its speedy introduction into almost every country in Europe, and addresses were presented to Dr. Taylor from all parts, congratulatory of the circumstance. The certainty with which the Gutta Vegetabilis was continually applied, can be attested by many thousands, since the Revolution of 1830, their Majesties, Louis Philippe, King of the French, and Leopold, King of the Belgians conferred on Dr. Taylor the title of Honorary Aurist to their Majesties, as a recompense for the many restored to hearing or otherwise cured by the application of his long tried Gutta Vegetabilis. These proofs of royal favor will, he hopes, be sufficient to encourage all who are afflicted with deafness, arising from any cause, to apply to remedy.

The *Gutta Vegetabilis* (or Infallible Remedy) needs no taken description, such is its worth and so highly is it valued by those who have experienced its wonderful effects will do more to recommend and insure it the support of the Profession and the Public generally, than any thing the proprietor can say in its favor, and by particular request he has published the following extraordinary cases.

Miss S. A. NORTON, of Mile End Road, was many years afflicted with deafness, after trying every thing she could hear of, and her physician could prescribe, one bottle of Taylor's Gutta Vegetabilis relieved her considerably, and before she used the third bottle, she was perfectly restored to the sense of her hearing.

THOMAS HORNBY, of Farrington street, who was a Lieutenant in the 42 Regiment, was struck deaf on the plains of Waterloo, and had remained so ever since. After the use of one bottle of Gutta Vegetabilis was perfectly cured.

Mrs. GREEN, of Camberwell, who had been fourteen years deprived of the sense of hearing, was quite cured by using six bottles.

To the aged who are most commonly afflicted with deafness, this preparation will indeed prove a blessing, as it has so frequently cured the worst of cases when no hope of recovery had been anticipated or derived from other means.

To those afflicted with deafness arising from cold this preparation must prove invaluable, and will restore them to hearing in nine cases out of ten.

The Gutta Vegetabilis is prepared in strict accordance with scientific principles, apart from all Empiricism, and it will be found on trial to carry its own recommendation with it, to the happy effects it produces by restoring those to hearing who have been so unfortunate as to be deprived of that sense for many years.

Caution to the Public.—To prevent being imposed upon, look well to the Certificates of the Proprietor and Inventor.

This is to certify, that I have appointed Dr. William Young, Philadelphia, my only agent in the U. States, to dispose of that valuable Medicine, called TAYLOR'S GUTTA VEGETABILIS, with full power to appoint agents where he may think proper, and as the great demand may induce persons to fabricate the medicine to the injury of the public, I have thought proper to accompany the bill of directions round each bottle with my name signed in my own hand writing, and the more effectually to detect counterfeits, the public will observe the Seal of my agent on the outside of every bottle, to counterfeit which is felony.

Signed at my office, 20 Charles street, Bloomsbury, London, and sold by Dr. William Young, at his Infirmary for disease of the Skin, Eye and Ear, 152 Spruce Street, between Fourth and Fifth, Philadelphia.

N. B. Persons at a distance, can have the Medicine sent to any part of the United States, from Dr. Young. Letters (post paid,) enclosing Five Dollars, answered by return, and the Medicine punctually transmitted to any address.

Dec 5—ly

JUST PUBLISHED—POCKET ÆSCULAPIUS, OR EVERY ONE HIS OWN PHYSICIAN. Being practical observations on diseases of the Generative System; with a concise Anatomical Review of its Organs, and a Physiological account of their functions together with remarks on the more probable cause of local and general debility, with many interesting observations and remarks occurring in a most extensive practice. To which is added

A Practical Treatise on Diseases of the Skin, by William Young, M. D. Member of the Philadelphia Medical Society, &c. &c. published by the author, and sold at No. 152 Spruce street between 4th and 5th, Philadelphia, and booksellers generally.

"This little important Treatise is replete with practical and scientific information; we can conscientiously recommend its serious perusal to those who suffer from the maladies on which it treats. Such a work as Dr. Young's has long been a desideratum with a numerous class of patients, to whom its easy and popular style will not fail to recommend itself, and we venture to predict that this very judicious and well timed Surgical Essay will ere long become a manual in the hands of the afflicted."—*Reporter.*

A comprehensive exposition of the nature and treatment of all diseases of the generative system, whether the result of contagion, hereditary causes, or the wear and tear of human life, from the simplest weakness disturbance to the severe state of local debility and irritation, whereby the invalid may conduct his case, without the knowledge of his most intimate friend.

MARRIAGE. Also by the same Author. On Marriage: its intent, obligations, and Physical and constitutional disqualifications. Medically considered, with an Exposition of the structure and purposes of the Reproductive System; the hereditary transmission of qualities, and the accidents and infirmities incident to Youth, Maturity and Old Age.

The subjects are illustrated by a variety of highly interesting cases and diagrams.

TO FEMALES. FEMALES VADE MECUM. Also by the same.—A New medical Analysis of the Complaints incidental to Females, in which are offered some important admonitions on the peculiar debilities attending their circumstances, sympathies and formation, illustrated by cases. Intended for the use of females only, and addressed to the youth and maturity of that sex.

Multorum incurata pudor malos ulcera celat.—Hor.

The silly modesty of the foolish conceals an incurable ulcer.

☞ Persons at a distance can have either of these publications sent to any part of the United States, Canadas, West Indies, &c. by enclosing a one dollar note on any solvent bank, or eight copies for five dollars, addressed.

sep 26-ly Dr. WM. YOUNG, Philadelphia.

ROTTECK'S History of the World, second edition.—This work is designed to fill up a great chasm in one most important department of Literature; to satisfy a want felt, not only by the Student, by the man left to himself for an education, but also, by the intelligent of all classes of society. It will supply the great mass of the public, who are at present almost necessarily in the dark as to the past World and its destinies, with a complete picture of all the great events relating to the World and to man, from the earliest dawn of history down to recent times, and we indulge the hope that it will satisfy the universal want of a good General History of the World. We have works, entitled "Histories of the World," or "Universal Histories." It is true; but all of them (we mean those in a small form and such as are within the reach of the generality of readers) are sadly deficient, ill-selected, and worse arranged: they could not, according to the ideas of the author of this work, be considered, strictly speaking, General Histories of the World.

The author of this History is celebrated throughout Europe as a *scholar*, as a *statesman*, and as a *bold defender of liberty*, and this reputation will certainly be an excellent recommendation of his work to the American public. Although born in Germany, educated in its far famed halls of learning and breathing a *German* atmosphere, he is not a German alone,—he is a man whom the World may claim. He is no mystic, full of unintelligible, useless theories; but a man devoted in practicable objects, to the welfare of his race, and to pure Religion and Morality.

His History has been extensively circulated in Europe, in the German, French, Dutch, Swedish, and Danish languages, and is the most popular one, that has ever been published. For although he may be ranked as the first historian of Europe, he has written, not for a particular class, but for people in general. In fine, his History is equally fitted for the *Student*, the *Merchant*, the *Farmer*, the *Mechanic*, and the *Professional* man.

☞ In order to give this valuable work a more extended circulation, and to bring its price within the means of every one, the publisher has determined to issue the second edition in Twenty numbers at 25 cents each, payable on delivery. One number will be ready for delivery every two weeks; the first five will contain Ancient History, the second the History of the Middle Ages, the third five will embrace the period from the discovery of America to the French Revolution, and the fourth five from the French Revolution to the present time. Each number will contain from 80 to 100 pages.

C. F. STOLLMEYER,
Philadelphia, No. 64 South Fourth street.

☞ Having made arrangements with the publisher of Rotteck's History, we can inform our respective subscribers and agents, as well as the public at large, that we will furnish the above valuable work at the publishers price. Orders will be thankfully received. (june 19 tf) G. R. GRAHAM & Co.

DAVID EVANS' Patent Water and Provision Coolers, Filterers, Fire Proof Iron Chests, Doors, and Hoisting Machines, manufactured and sold at No. 76 south Second street, south-west corner of Carter's Alley, Philadelphia.

D. Evans still continues to manufacture his Patent Water and Provision Coolers, or Refrigerators, Filterers, &c. of which there are upward of 300 in successful operation. The price of Refrigerators varies from 8, 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 25, 30, 35 to 40 dollars. My Refrigerators are made without the use of wood, which in all cases, when used causes provisions to smell and taste, which are so unfit for culinary purposes. All persons purchasing Filterers, should see them tried with foul water before buying, as there are some Filterers made at low prices that will purify water for a short time, and then become foul. My Filterers in all cases are warranted to purify the water for the term of two years, and if used properly, may last from eight to ten years.

He also continues to manufacture his Patent Hoisting Machines, both double and single, of which there are now upward of 600 in operation in the cities of Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore, New Orleans, Mobile, &c. &c. and as an evidence of their superiority, he refers to those whom he has sold them for the fact that no accident has ever occurred in the use of them.

He likewise manufactures Fire Proof Iron Chests, (without using wood or plank of any kind) for the safe keeping of books, papers, money, jewellery, silver plate, &c. lined with a composition calculated to resist the greatest degree of heat, with superior Locks and finished in the best manner.

Always on hand, Fire Proof Doors, Truck Wagons, Vault Grates, Stoves, &c. all manufactured of the best materials and most approved construction.

The public are respectfully invited to call and examine the above articles before purchasing elsewhere. ja 23-ly

FRESH Turnip Seeds, Crop 1841.—For sale by the subscribers, Fresh Turnip Seeds, of the following highly superior kinds, WARRANTED GENUINE.

White Flat Dutch, Red or Blue Top, White Flat or Globe, Early Garden Stone, Swan's Egg, Yellow Aberdeen, Yellow Stone, Long Yellow French, Large Yellow and Extra Purple Top Ruta Baga, English Norfolk, Yellow Maltese, Large White Green Top; *splendid for winter use*, and Dale's Hybrid Turnip. The above are all of the finest and most delicate flavored kinds.

Ramsh Seeds, in season—White and Yellow Turnip, Spanish, fall, and Black and White Spanish, for fall and winter use; fresh Early Cabbages and Cauliflowers for spring plants; Sea Kale; Hardy Lettuce of sorts for winter and spring use; Cresses; Mustard; Corn Salad, &c. for fall and winter Salads.

New Spinage.—Riley's Burdock Spinage. Description—It resembles, in appearance, the Savoy, with the exception of the size, which is several times larger, and the quality far superior. The leaf is perfectly smooth, and the whole plant is quite hardy, standing the severest winters without injury. The seed should be sown (from first to the end of September,) in drills on rich well manured ground, and the plants thinned out to one foot apart. Each plant is full the size of half bushel of properly cultivated.

"It must be considered a great acquisition."
Hovey's Horticultural Magazine.

Pickle, Gherkin and Mangoe Seeds, in season for sowing; Choice Biennial and Perennial Flower Seeds, to bloom the ensuing spring and summer; the present is the best season for planting; boxes containing assortments, 20 Sweet sorts, $1.

Canary and other Birds, fresh Bird Seeds, Bird Cages, Cattle Fish Bone for Canaries. Agricultural and Horticultural Books, &c.

With the largest and most complete assortment warranted Vegetable, Garden, Field and Flower Seeds of the choicest kinds and purest quality to be found in Philadelphia.

Catalogues of the entire collection sent gratis on post paid application to HIRST'S
Seed and Horticultural Warehouse, No. 27 south Fourth street, side, above Chesnut street, Philada. july 31-tf

SILVER PLATE, SPOON AND FORK MANUFACTORY, South West corner of Fifth and Cherry streets. The subscribers have constantly on hand, a handsome assortment of SILVER Plate, Spoons, Forks and every article belonging to the silversmith business or manufactured to order in the neatest and best manner, or to match any pattern given, at the lowest manufactured prices.

Persons who wish to purchase, are requested to call at their manufactory, where they will find work not surpassed in the city, for neatness, taste and elegance of finish.

☞ A supply of the best Sheffield and Birmingham Plated Ware, of their own importing, kept constantly on hand and made expressly to their order.

nov 1 '39—tf E. & W. WILSON.

JOSEPH SWARTZ'S Carpet Manufactory, No. 319 North Third street, next door to the Commissioners Hall, Philadelphia. Where fashionable CARPETS are wove of different patterns, in the handsomest style. Also Ingrain and Venetian Carpets of different patterns for sale. He also keeps on hand a large assortment of ready made Carpets, which he will sell, wholesale and retail, at the most reasonable prices. These carpets can be recommended to all parts of the United States.

N. B.—The advertiser has received a Silver Medal from the Franklin Institute, for Manufacturing Carpeting of superior quality. oct 17-ly

STAMMERING CURED,
AND INSTRUCTION GIVEN IN ELOCUTION.

DR. COMSTOCK'S Vocal Gymnasium is open from the first of September till the last of June. July and August being vacation months. All desirous of instruction, either for the cure of *Stammering, Lisping, or Defective Articulation*, or for improvement in *Elocution*, may learn the conditions of

ANDREW COMSTOCK, M. D.
No. 100 Mulberry (Arch) street, Philadelphia.

☞ Dr. Comstock's *Remarks on Stammering*, certificates of cures, and the numerous recommendations which he has obtained of his *System of Vocal Gymnastics* are appended to his Circular, which shall be sent to any one who may wish to learn more upon the subject of his profession. Satisfactory references will be given in the principal cities throughout the Union.

july 10-3m*

BOARDING at Deal, near Long Branch, N. Y. The subscriber having taken the house formerly occupied by Jacob Cottie, it will be opened the first of July for the accommodation of all those that may favor him with their custom. The pleasantness of the house needs no recommendation. For health and comfort it cannot be surpassed by any on the Sea Board. The subscriber hopes by strict attention to receive a share of public patronage. SCOTT HERBERT.

Deal, June 20, 1841. june 26-6t*

WM. W. FOUCHE, Dentist, No. 79 North Sixth street, below Race street, where all operations appertaining to *Dental Surgery* will be performed on the most modern and approved principles, and on terms perfectly satisfactory.

Fouche's Vegetable Tooth Powder, and Gum Restorative, for the cure of scurvy and removal of all extraneous substances from the teeth, price 25 cents a box. my 1-ly

WETHERILL & BROTHERS, Chemists and Colormen, Manufacturers of White Lead, Lead Pipe, Window Glass, &c. Importers of Drugs, Dyes, Perfumery, Surgical Instruments, Apothecaries Furniture, &c. No. 65 North Front street, two doors below Arch, east side. my 16-ly

Gems of Magazines.

From the Dem. Review, for August.

The Shipwreck.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

The good ship on the iceberg struck,
Where northern seas wave high,—
And midnight wrapped in ebon veil
The chill and starless sky,—
It struck!—what moment was there then
To waste in sorrow's strife?
When but one bold and adventurous rush
Remained 'tween death and life.

The boat! the boat! it launches forth
Upon the mountain wave,
And leaping throngs, with frantic haste,
Essay its power to save—
A fragile thing, it struggling strove
Amid the wrathful tide,
And deep, unuttered pangs were theirs
Who left that vessel's side.

A moonbeam pierced the heavy cloud,—
Oh, God! what sight was there!
Who stood upon that faded deck,
In calm and mute despair!
A gentle maiden, just aroused
From slumber soft and deep,
Stretched her white arms in wild amaze,
But found no helper near.

In fond adieu, her hand she waved,
As if some friend she blessed,
Then closer drew her snowy robe,
Around her youthful breast;
And upward to the darkened heavens
Imploring glances cast,
While her rich curls profusely fell,
And floated on the blast.

All sudden, from his wildering trance,
A manly form did start,
While a loud agonizing cry
Burst from his laboring heart;
His bloodless lip was deadly cold—
Strange lustre fired his eye—
"How can I bear a brother's name,
Yet leave thee thus to die?"

He plunged—the crested wave he ruled;
He climbed the cloven deck,
And clasped her, as the thundering surge
Swept o'er the heaving wreck;
"Sweet sister, 'tis thy brother's voice—
His cheek is pressed to thine—
Together childhood's path we trod—
Thy last dread couch be mine!"

Still looked the moon with pitying eye,
All lone and silent down,
Encircling them with holy light,
As with a martyr's crown,
Then shrank behind her fleecy veil;—
Hoarse shrieked th' impetuous maid;
The deep sea closed—and where were they?
Ask of the angel train!

Ah! noble hearts that night were whelm'd
Beneath the billows high,
And temples white with honored years,
And woman's love-lit eye,
And clinging to its mother's breast
In visions soft and deep,
Unawakened innocence went down
Amid the pearls to sleep.

The slumberers—they who sank that hour,
Without a struggling breath,
With whom the unbroken dream of life
So melted into death—
Say, turned they not, in deep amaze
To seek the scene of time,
When first eternity's dread shore
Spread out in pomp sublime?

Wo, wo was with the living heart!
In many a smitten home,
Where, in the garniture of grief,
The weeping inmates come,
Round many a lonely hearth-stone,
Shall Memory's touch restore
The image of the loved and lost,
Who must return no more.

The eye that saw that monster-mass
Come drifting darkly down,
Destruction in its wintry breast,
And on its vitreous crown,—
The ear that heard the deadly crash,
The thunder of the wave,
Can never lose the bitter trace,
But in the oblivious grave.

The rescued man, to listening groups
Shall tell the fearful tale,
And mute affection clasp his hand,
And childhood's cheek be pale.
And while, with quickened heart, they bless
The great Deliverer's care,
The iceberg and the buried ship
Shall prompt their tearful prayer.

From the Lady's Book for August.

Badgebury.

CHAPTER I.

"I tell you, Charles, you must marry a woman of fortune, and what objections can you make to Miss Whitehead?" said Mrs. Badgebury to her young son, perhaps for the fiftieth time, "what objection to a woman who has five thousand a year in her own power—no one to control her?"

"Why, only just these few objections, madam!—She is old—she is ugly—she is ill-tempered, and she is intolerably ignorant as well as insolently proud."

"Proud, indeed! I like to hear your father's son talk of pride. You, who because you are descended from John de Badgebury, think yourself equal to the nobles of the land."

"There is a generous pride in the good name of one's ancestors," said Charles Badgebury, with pardonable warmth, "that is almost a virtue. But for a woman to be proud because her father scraped money together by means the most unworthy—if not dishonest—"

"Well! well! we will set that aside; people must not be too scrupulous when they are poor. Miss Whitehead is but five or six years older than you are, and as to beauty—I had not much beauty, nor was I very young, and yet your high-born father found it very convenient to marry me."

"But was he happy, madam?"

This was perhaps a thoughtless question, arising from the irritation of the moment, but it was a home stroke that roused Mrs. Badgebury's ire, and thrown off her guard by the intemperance of passion, she poured forth a narrative just calculated to wound the feelings of her high spirited son, while it plainly showed him the abyss that opened at his feet.

"Happy! Yes, he might have been happy, if he had been wise! But he chose to be angry that I held the strings of the purse that I brought him. People said that he pined after a former flame, that he had left in India, or that some one there—some one jealous of his leaving—had given him a slow poison before he came away, which was the cause of his death; but I tell you chagrin was that poison! and he died from vexation that it would not let him pursue his follies, and waste my money as he had done his own; and that I would not even give up the disposal of my money at my death. Who would trust a man, who, when he came home from India with a well-filled purse, spent the whole of his fortune in building a house! Why the very cellars cost him so much that he could not finish the rest, which is the reason why the west wing has never been completed. Ten thousand pounds, it is said, were spent before the walls of the foundation were level with the ground, and if you take a torch and go through the empty cellars, arched strong enough to bear a church, you will believe it; and when all was done, what had he? A fine house and a few hundred barren acres. The farmers will not hire the land, and there it lies useless; I was not going to spend a fortune in manure. And now, young gentleman, let me warn you—my money is all in my own power, and if you will not obey me, I will give it every shilling to your sister. You will then be Charles Badgebury, Esquire, of Badgebury, and its unproductive lands. A noble ancestry—a noble house—and a noble estate!—while your sister will me a match for a lord—with my money!" And the unmotherly woman burst into a loud bitter laugh.

Charles Badgebury covered his face with his hands, and the image of his father, tall, dignified, beautiful and generous, passed before him, touched with all the softening hues of early recollection. He spoke not, and his mother thought he was convinced. She rang a silver bell that stood on a table beside her, and on the entrance of a small black boy, bade him tell a female servant to dress Miss Badgebury and bring her thither.

All this passed in Mrs. Badgebury's dressing-room, the only one in the house in which the architect had sacrificed his taste to the orders of the proprietor; it looked into the garden and its windows were not above three feet from the floor; every other light in the building had its heavy sash frame at least five feet from thence, so that children and short persons were obliged to mount chairs if they wished to get a glimpse of what was passing in the world. An ample dressing-table, covered with thin muslin drapery, its looking-glass decorated in the same manner with the addition of bows of ribands to confine the folds, displayed numerous toilet boxes of Chinese manufacture, whose various shapes might have puzzled a mathematician to define, and an economist to declare their several uses, as the sublimer mysteries of the day were disdained by Mrs. Badgebury, she disdaining the use of lotions, rouge, pearl powder, the numberless brushes now of daily necessity; they were all empty, and like some classes of domestics, kept merely for show. This was, in fact, a room of state, where the lady received her morning visiters. When she did sacrifice to the graces, which was not often, after rising in the morning, a very small closet nearer to her bed-room served for that purpose.

When Mr. Badgebury returned from India—at that time a fruitful soil for amassing wealth—he found his paternal mansion, a long low building, with a large opening near each end, supported by well-proportioned columns, forming an entrance descending by winding steps to the rooms appropriated to the domestics. The surrounding grounds were laid out in the Dutch style brought into fashion by the third William; long avenues bordered by trees, with canals of stagnant water covered over by the broad-leaved water lily. Mr. Badgebury thought himself wealthy, and he was so for the year 1730, when money was of so much more value than at the present day. He determined to pull down the old house and build a new one, and a fashionable architect submitting to his inspection a beautiful elevation from one of Inigo Jones's plans, he immediately gave him discretionary power to commence, without considering the convenient distribution of the interior or once sitting down to calculate the cost, merely stipulating that there should be large convenient cellars.

The mansion rose in all the grandeur of a lofty, three-storied structure, with two wings, the admiration of the surrounding country. The garden front was equal in beauty to the principal one, an immense hall ran directly through the house, with large folding doors at each end, and a superb staircase nearest the garden, stretched its ample length, ornamented by a Corinthian pillar of native oak, of one single piece. A very spacious lobby at the head of the staircase opened on three sides into the principal bedrooms. These two rooms, of little use in themselves, took up so much of the interior as to spoil all the others, two mean parlours, and a few small chambers being all that could be accomplished besides, and these parlours as well as the hall being wainscoted only half way up, looked more like the smoking cabin of a substantial farmer than rooms of state in which Mr. Badgebury was to receive his high-born friends.

The family portraits were all hung in the lobby, with the excextion of one large group, such as is described in the Vicar of Wakefield, which looked absolutely small when placed over the hall chimney-piece. In this hall did Mr. Badgebury spend his melancholy hours, pacing its length, and execrating the folly which had led him to sink his whole moneyed property in bricks and mortar. The garden remained in their original state from want of means to alter them, and, as may be gathered from Mrs. Badgebury's short narrative, when he submitted to an ill-assorted union for the purpose of bettering his affairs, he found he had exchanged one evil for another. He lingered through seven years of hopeless dejection, burying his sorrows in his own bosom, and just after the birth of his third daughter, he sunk into an untimely tomb. Two of his children had died before him.

When Charles Badgebury roused himself from his melancholy fit of abstraction, he noticed that his mother's dress was more splendid than was necessary for the morning, and that his sister, now nearly thirteen years old, was seated as usual on the corner of a chair, with one finger in her mouth and one foot stretched out as far as possible, highly indignant at having been compelled to submit to an unusual ablution, and to the wearing a whole frock, two things she held in the greatest abhorrence.

Mrs. Badgebury was perhaps sorry she had said quite so much to her son within the last hour, for she knew his high temper was more than equalled by a keenly susceptible heart. She began in a softer tone to speak of some arrangements she had been making.

"I have at length found a governess for Johanna," said she, "which is a matter of rejoicing to me, for I really cannot pretend to manage her any longer. What with obstinacy and rudeness she wears me out. She climbs trees like a boy. I believe she has not a whole dress in her wardrobe; and as to learning—I am ashamed to think of it—she absolutely detests it. I wish there were colleges for girls as well as for boys, I would send her off directly. I have never yet found a governess that would undertake to teach such a hoyden, nor should I now, but poor parson Beverly is lately dead, and his fine-lady daughter must do something or starve." The silver bell was again tinkled. "Juba, bring me a glass of water."

As Juba entered with the water on a silver salver, a young lady in deep mourning followed him. Mrs. Badgebury's lap-dog barked furiously, and a parrot in a gilded cage, screamed in concert. The stranger stopped in the middle of the room, but without exhibiting the smallest sign of fright or timidity. Juba turned up his glistening eye, and displayed his white teeth, as if he would have said, "Missy! do you come here for pinchy pinchy, or cuffy cuffy?"

Mrs. Badgebury affected great state, and did not move, but when the uproar was somewhat abated, she pointed to Johanna, saying, "There is your pupil, you make take her to the school-room."

Charles Badgebury, with the politeness usual to him, had started up and placed a chair. Miss Beverly seated herself with a graceful inclination of her head, and said, in a mild but firm tone of voice, "I have not yet been informed, madam, what you wish me to teach the young lady?"

"Teach her—why every thing to be sure. Mrs. Arden tells me you understand music, and painting, and languages, and dancing, and philosophy—though I do not know what a woman has to do with philosophy—but as you will be paid for it you must teach it. And she says you are very clever with your needle; that will suit me very well. I shall expect Johanna to be taught every thing!"

"What has Miss Badgebury read, madam?"

"I won't read at all!" roared Johanna, in a voice louder than either lap-dog or parrot, "I hate reading so I do."

"Oh! my dear, but this young person will teach you to like it; and washing too, and dressing."

"She shall catch me, first," said Johanna, and rushed to the door, but the prudent mamma was prepared for this and the door was fast. Johanna thus foiled, stood sulkily with her head against the wainscot.

"Of course, you will dress Miss Badgebury, and take your meals in the school-room?"

Miss Beverly's pale face flushed very deep, but she was spared an answer, for Charles turned an indignant eye on his mother, saying, "While there is a female servant in the house, my sister shall be waited on without troubling Miss Beverly, and while there is a table spread, the lady who condescends to take charge of her mind shall have a seat at it. I am afraid the office will be painful enough without adding to its burthens."

Mrs. Badgebury vented her anger by some very contemptuous glances, and then in honied tones said, "Come, my sweetest Johanna, my darling child—won't you go with this good humored looking young woman, and try to learn to read?"

"No!" said Johanna, stoutly.

"And won't you let her teach you to be a lady?"

"No!—Tom Dunk isn't a lady, and I only want to be like Tom Dunk; to take birds' nests, and set the dogs a fighting, and saw wood."

"Why, my dear, you must not be like a boy. You will have a large fortune, and you must learn to be like me."

"Ah! but the maids say you never was nor never will be a lady, though you had a large fortune."

Here a violent box on the ear of Johanna, put all things in uproar again, and the young lady would have returned the blow with interest if her brother had not withheld her. Happily the announcement of dinner came most opportunely for the cessation of hostilities. Miss rushed, head and shoulders foremost, to the dining parlour, followed by her fond mother, and Charles gave his arm to Miss Beverly, delighted to conduct a woman of her elegance to the once hospitable board of his father, now scantily spread, ill served, and ill conducted by the rich Mrs. Badgebury.

CHAPTER II.

Miss Beverley had been principally educated by her highly gifted father, and though not left so utterly destitute as Mrs. Badgebury had stated, but committed to the care of a female friend, he laid his dying injunctions on her to strive to increase her small income by the exertions of her talents, that she might secure an honorable independence. This situation was the first that offered, and as the untameable Johanna had been carefully kept from the sight of Mrs. Arden, who conducted the negotiation, it was accepted without hesitation. She saw at a glance the extreme difficulty of teaching a child who had been indulged to excess until she became unbearable, and was then cuffed and coaxed by turns. Though Mrs. Badgebury with impatience bore the slightest remonstrance from her son, she was entirely governed by her daughter, who in all combats, whether of the tongue or the hands, usually came off victorious. Coercion of any kind was unavailing. Miss Beverly, with tact surprising for one so young, saw that her only chance of succeeding was to continue the system of indulgence, and by contriving many ways of amusing her pupil, by very slow degrees she began to humanize her.

The injudicious interference of Mrs. Badgebury was yet more trying than the savage manners of the daughter, and her jealousy of another's influence over her more perplexing than either. Johanna and the maids soon found out that Miss Beverly was really a lady, and this drove the vulgar rich woman into the most unwise plan she could have pursued—that of endeavoring to convince her son that this *young woman* had neither beauty, grace, talents, nor virtues, and by the means bringing her various perfections under his daily and hourly notice.

The progress of Johanna in civilization was a matter of astonishment to the whole house, and her growing affection for Miss Beverly enraged the ignorant and arrogant mother. She said it was very odd that a word or look from a stranger should do more than all her entreaties or promises; she forgot that the latter were very seldom kept and therefore never trusted. Her son, too, began to find Miss Beverly's company so attractive, that he was delighted to assist in development of the unknown powers of his hitherto unbearable sister. This was not to be endured, and Mrs. Badgebury, asserting that it was impossible for any kind of learning to go on right out of the school-room, issued orders for the two young ladies to confine themselves to its precincts. Miss Beverly remonstrated, that as Johanna had hitherto been continually in the open air, such strict seclusion would have an injurious effect on her health, even now showing the ill symptoms that arise from unlimited indulgence. This was all in vain; Mrs. Badgebury said a mother was the best judge of a child's health, and of the means of preserving it. The governess begged that, as walking was forbidden, her pupil might ride on horseback as some sort of substitute for climbing trees and sawing wood. No. Money could not be thrown away on horses and grooms. The school-room was large and airy, and if they wanted more room, they might walk in the great hall.

All that could be devised for a growing child, Miss Beverly contrived to put in execution for the now tractable and affectionate Johanna. She tried dancing with the windows of the school-room open, but was shocked to find this regularly brought on a short cough and pain in the side. No part of her studies were made irksome, and many lessons were given vive voce, while pacing the hall; and when an evening visit took Mrs. Badgebury away, Charles always made one of the small party. He gradually found that a young woman of eighteen, educated at home, was infinitely his superior in many branches of useful learning, particularly natural philosophy, over which at college he had but superficially glanced. Classical learning was then, as now, thought to comprise the sum and substance of a high education, and Charles Badgebury was struck with astonishment to find his Greek and Latin vanish into nothingness before Miss Beverly's clear perceptions of whatever was good and beautiful in nature, or the practice of the social charities in life.

They were walking one evening when the rays of the declining sun shone full in the windows of the garden front, thus forming the single light favorable to the view of a picture. Miss Beverly asked some questions respecting the large group over the chimney, observing that it was painted by a fine artist.

"It is my great grandfather and his family," said Charles, "his history is interesting, yet not without a parallel in our race. Do you believe in fatality, Miss Beverly?"

"Not in the slightest degree. I believe that all things are wisely ordered and nothing left to chance or fate."

"But what if the same circumstances had occurred for several generations; all equally disastrous as they were romantic, what would you say?"

"That there was an unfortunate combination of circumstances, but not a fatality."

"My family seem to have a spell over them, which they are unable to break. I am placed in the same unfortunate situation with this my noble ancestor;—his son followed his steps, and my own father—beautiful and brave—was not more happy. I am in the wake of these noble vessels, and I also am likely to be wrecked."

"I cannot understand you.—I see here a very handsome man with his beautiful wife and children. What evil could come into such a group?"

"The mother of that gentleman was a titled woman of haughty, imperious temper." Charles blushed as he spoke, and when he went on, it was in a low, tremulous voice. "She insisted on his marrying a rich relation of her own, while his heart was involuntarily fixed on her waiting-maid, a gentlewoman by birth, but so poor as to be obliged to serve a woman no way her superior but in an empty title. He neither revealed his love nor resisted his mother's commands, and thus dragged on a miserable existence till his health was impaired, so that when his wife and mother died, and he was able to give his hand where his heart had ever been fixed, his few remaining years were embittered by continual sickness. The portraits of the mother and his two wives hang in the lobby above, so that you may see the sacrifice he made when he obeyed his proud parent's command."

Miss Beverly was silent, nor did her countenance betray what she thought or felt. Charles went on.

"One would have thought the humble waiting-maid would have learned a lesson from all this, but, strange to say, lovely as she looks, she was more haughty and supercilious than those who had gone before her. Fantastic, vain of her superior beauty, and determined on having no rival in that respect, she chose a wife for her son to serve as a foil to her charms, which it is said she retained, like the celebrated countess of Suffolk, to an extraordinary age. But her extravagance and folly she impaired the family estate, left by her doating husband too much in her own power, so that my father, her grandson, was obliged to go to India to repair his fortune. And thither, I fear, I must go also."

"If you do, I must give you a letter to an uncle of mine, resident at Bombay. I hope he is living, though we have not heard from him lately."

"But tell me, Miss Beverly, does there not seem to be the same fatal spell over us all?"

"What you call a spell, seems to my apprehension a slight want of judgment, or at least, a deficiency in the article of firmness."

"Tell me how?"

"In the first place, this gentleman before us, should not have allowed himself to love so unwisely."

"Ah!" said Charles Badgebury with a sigh, "how could he help it?"

"Well, if he could not help it, he should not have married a woman so widely different."

"Is that your real opinion, Miss Beverly?"

"Certainly it is. A man is unjust to himself and to the woman he marries, if he is sure that he can never love her."

"You give me new life!" said Charles, as if a sudden light had dawned on his mind. "I will work, I will beg, I will starve—but I will not marry where I cannot love."

"Oh, Miss Beverly!" exclaimed Johanna, with somewhat of her former childishness, "I wish you would marry Charles. It would make us all so happy."

Charles, in the excitement of the moment, seized Miss Beverly's hand; but, gently disengaging it, she said gravely; "My dear Johanna, you are too young to know how wrong that would be. Your brother must marry a woman of suitable fortune and equal rank in society."

"Would you have me marry Miss Whitehead?" said Charles, angrily.

"I never would advise persons to marry where they can neither love nor esteem. But like Johanna, I am too young to give counsel on such occasions—too young even to think of them."

"Have you never thought of such subjects, Miss Beverly?" said Charles, looking very anxiously in her face.

"Never—never. I have had too much real trouble to find any time for creating imaginary ones."

Charles was satisfied by the open expression of the most beautiful countenance he had ever seen, a countenance much finer than the portrait before him, in the traits of mental superiority, and a sedate sweetness, arising from a strict regulation of the affections. He could not withdraw his fascinated eyes till the unwelcome sound of his mother's chariot wheels compelled him to leave the hall.

Mrs. Badgebury's own maid had always the charge of watching every one during her absence, and regularly reported all she saw or heard. Had she done so correctly in the present instance, no evil would have arisen, but a garbled statement of whatever passed in the hall whenever her lady was away, and particularly the circumstances of the last evening was well calculated to alarm and irritate in the highest degree. The carriage was ordered early on the ensuing morning, and Mrs. Badgebury drove without delay to the nearest magistrate, on whose heart, as he was a wealthy bachelor, she had long striven to make some impression, and who was her never failing friend in all domestic troubles.

Mr. Meredith was a man of singular humor and shrewdness, who always listened with great patience to the lady's statements, and while he seemed most angry with the petty delinquent, generally found a loophole for escape. He had never been known to punish where there was no crime.

"Ah! Mr. Meredith," said the lady, wiping away a crocodile tear, "here I am again with my troubles. You are the only true friend I have found since poor dear Mr. Badgebury's death. It is a very hard thing for a lone woman to go through a world like this. I am now in worse perplexity than ever. I have got a witch in my house!"

"An old one, madam?"

"Oh! no, sir. A young one—not eighteen."

"A very dangerous age. I have known much mischief done by such witches. Indeed, I never saw an old one."

"I assure you, sir, she has bewitched the whole house, excepting my own maid. A very prudent person Jenkins is. You know, Mr. Meredith, how many times she has saved my property when it has been in danger! How many rogueries she has de-

"I know she is a very prudent person in her own affairs, and that she has saved for herself a considerable sum of money."

"Ah! now dear Mr. Meredith, there for once you are mistaken, for I give but small wages and she is quite poor." Mr. Meredith never contradicted Mrs. Badgebury; he only nodded, and she went on. "This vile young woman has bewitched my son."

"Very likely," said he, "I have known such things done before now."

"And all the servants, except Jenkins."

"What—men and maids, too! This is most wonderful."

"All—all, Mr. Meredith. They will fly at the lifting up of her finger. They watch her very looks."

"A very dangerous person, truly."

"But worse than all, she has completely changed my sweet Johanna in every respect; aye, as much as if she had changed her in her cradle. No romping now—no monkey's tricks. You would not know the dear child. I am sure she has given her something to bring all this about. I caught her once laying a white powder over her hands and face; she stood me out that it was only sifted oatmeal to cure chapped skin, but I know better, and I fear she has given Charles some of this. You know there are such things as love powders, Mr. Meredith!"

"Did you ever try them, Mrs. Badgebury?" This was said with so searching a look, that it blanched the lady's cheek. She faultered, and it was some time before she could go on. At length, with her handkerchief to her eyes, she said: "But what alarms me more than all, though I suspect some mischief from so much poring over books and pictures, is, that with a single look she makes Johanna mind me when I speak; a thing she never did in all her life before."

"This is marvellous indeed! I must see this witch!"

"Yes, Mr. Meredith, I intend you shall see her, and to tell you the truth, I want you to assist me in getting her out of the house, without my paying the wages that are due, which would be only encouraging her in her wickedness. Jenkins has showed me a sure way, but I had rather avoid it, for Charles is so full of honor, and generosity, and I know not what, that I am afraid if I take Jenkins's way, he would fire up and expose us all. And oh! Mr. Meredith, when you see him will you give him some fatherly advice about Miss Whitehead? You know he more than ever refuses to think of her!"

"I will give Charles the best advice in my power, for as I loved the father so I love the children. Oh! Mrs. Badgebury! Had those children been mine!"

"They may be yours, yet, Mr. Meredith," said the lady, with one of her sweetest smiles; but observing the comically sour expression of the good magistrate's face, she artfully added, "by adoption, you know—when I am dead and gone!" Mr. Meredith bowed, and prepared to accompany her to Badgebury, whither they proceeded as fast as the two starved coach-horses could carry them.

CHAPTER III.

Mrs. Badgebury always contrived to surprise culprits into Mr. Meredith's presence, lest they should be prepared with a defence; in which, nine times out of ten, they were, impromptu, too hard for the subtile lady. Charles took care to be found reading in his mother's dressing-room, for though Miss Beverly never suffered him even to look into the school-room, he knew the suspicious temper too well to leave it food for conjecture. Orders were given for Johanna to come and see Mr. Meredith, with her governess.

"Governess!" cried Mr. Meredith, in amaze, "I thought it was a maid servant."

"Well, my dear Mr. Meredith, and what is a governess but a maid servant!"

"Does she sweep the rooms and sit in the kitchen?"

"No, sir. But if it had not been for that chivalrous young gentleman, I should have made her fine ladyship do something useful; but he, forsooth, must interfere, and call her a gentlewoman. I sadly fear she has been too much of the gentlewoman for me."

The door opened slowly, and and the now gentle Johanna entered, led by her governess. Mr. Meredith started from his seat, and clasped the latter in his arms. "Harriet Beverly! how came you here? Oh! yes!" cried he, turning to Mrs. Badgebury, as Charles was leaving the room, filled with a thousand strange fears, "I will vouch for her being a witch, and many a spell has she cast over me, old as I am," and he kissed her fair forehead with a father's affection, while Mrs. Badgebury sat shaking in her chair, fear predominating over indignation.

"I must beg to speak with Miss Beverly alone," said Mr. Meredith, sternly.

"No, sir," said Mrs. Badgebury, striving to assume a dignified air, "I am answerable for Miss Beverly's character while she is in my house, and I do not choose she should see gentlemen alone."

"So you were answerable for her character, this morning, madam, when in my house you were doing your utmost to defame her, and I beg you to remember you are liable to heavy damages for slander. A clerk who sits in a recess in that room, makes minutes of every conversation there, unless it is previously stated to be purely confidential. If you had not been so intent on your malicious purpose, you might have seen him." Mrs. Badgebury colored at the recollection of many conversations she had held with Mr. Meredith, in that very room, little thinking any one but the innocent magistrate was privy to them. He felt only unmitigated contempt, and turning to Miss Beverly, said, "Well, Harriet, as we must speak before this very scrupulous lady, tell me how it was that you came to this house of all others, and that without my knowledge. Why did Mrs. Arden seek to conceal it from me?"

"I begged to be allowed to make the trial before my friends could object to it—I was in hopes, I—but I fear I must go—and yet I grieve to leave Miss Badgebury. If you have any influence here, sir, I entreat you use it to have her instantly attended by a medical man. She is ill; very ill. I sometimes think I must stay with her."

"I will not leave you in this house one moment after myself—I am too deep in some of its secrets. Fear not that I will give plenty of advice to Mrs. Badgebury. Do you go and pack up your own property, and see that not a single article be missing. There are some rather worse characters here than young witches. And now, Mrs. Badgebury, if you do not pay this young lady's salary in the way you ought to do, I shall immediately commence a suit in law, for which I have ample grounds. If you behave handsomely, I will give you some good advice, the first item of which is, that you discharge your sly Jenkins, who, over and above many devilries, has contrived to make a good five hundred pounds in this house, which she has secured on safe mortgages; how it has been obtained, you ought to know better than myself. I have also a word to say as to your son. If you have not liberality enough to let him choose for himself, do not force him on ill-temper and ugliness, in the person of Miss Whitehead. Remember how many of the descendants of John de Badgebury have been ruined by such match-making."

This was the climax. The lady assailed the honest magistrate with a torrent of abuse, and when she found it made not the smallest impression on him, went into hysterics.

When Miss Beverly left the room at Mr. Meredith's desire, she met Charles Badgebury in one of the passages, and could not conceal from him what had passed. He poured forth his passionate feelings with all the energy of truth, and without the slightest reserve; but while she acknowledged herself touched with sympathy, she steadily resisted his wild entreaties to do what must inevitable involve them both in ruin. He was at the door as they were departing, and when he found Mr. Meredith proposed walking, and sending for Miss Beverly's luggage, though the carriage still stood at the door to convey him home, he showed something of the impetuosity of his disposition.

"And why, Mr. Meredith, do you refuse to use the chariot?"

"I do not wish to trespass so far on Mrs. Badgebury."

"The carriage is mine, sir, and mine are the horses; they were among the few things my dear father could leave me; and though I shame to say it, they are housed and fed on my own land. I could feed them better if I dared. Miss Beverly, you will not pain me so much as to add this refusal to your last!"

"I will not, Mr. Badgebury," said she, giving him her hand to lead her to the carriage, "I would not willingly pain you in any way."

"Then grant me one more interview before I leave you, perhaps for ever!"

"I cannot," said she, while a tear fell over her eyelid, "I cannot, consistent with my self-respect, and I entreat you, if you wish to preserve my—esteem—do not seek it."

"My own upright, good girl," exclaimed Mr. Meredith. "Mr. Badgeberry, she will be a treasure for you in happier times. I entreat you by the love I bore your father, take no step of importance without consulting me."

Miss Beverly's luggage was now placed behind the carriage, and they drove off, leaving Charles Badgebury the personification of despair. He was soon roused from the indulgence of his own better feelings to attempt subduing those of Johanna, who, when she found Miss Beverly was gone, not to return, was in a frightful state of excitement, from which she sunk into a stupor, nothing could divert. Charles instantly sent for the family physician, who looked very grave, and after several questions asked abruptly why he had not been sent for before!

"I am sure it was not Miss Beverly's fault," said the female in attendance, "for I know she told my lady above a month ago, that she thought Miss Badgebury in a very critical state."

"Was Mrs. Badgebury so blind as to neglect this warning?" said the doctor, in a tone of surprise.

"She said Miss was only too much teazed with learning; and Miss Beverly has done nothing but amuse her ever since she was forbidden to go out of doors."

"Who forbade her going out?"

"My lady, sir."

"What, after remaining out of doors all day, was she suddenly shut up in the house?"

"That is exactly what Miss Beverly said, sir, when she begged Miss might be allowed to ride on horseback."

"Your sister's life has been thrown away," said the doctor, abruptly, to the heart-struck brother; "all that can be done now, is of little avail. Let her do as she pleases in all things."

"Then take me directly to Miss Beverly," said Johanna, speaking for the first time after her long trance-like stupor—"take me to her directly."

Mrs. Badgebury now sent for the doctor to her own room, which she said she was not well enough to leave. He repeated his opinion to her which she did not choose to agree with, but insisted that Johanna would be very well on the morrow. Neither did she act on the hints of Mr. Meredith. To part with Mrs. Jenkins was not, perhaps, very easy, for like many of her class, she was too deep in family secrets to be offended with impunity. As if to indemnify herself for the constraint she was compelled to observe toward her dependant, she poured forth the whole of her chagrin on her son, and charged him immediately to visit Miss Whitehead, as his future bride or see her face no more. He bowed, without speaking, and left her.

Perhaps, had Charles Badgebury given full credit to the physician's alarming hints about Johanna, he would not have taken the precipitate steps he did; as it was, he gave orders for the strictest attention to be paid by the attendants, as well as by the medical men and on the next morning departed for the habitation of Mr. Meredith. He set his face as flint against all that gentleman might have to urge against his designs, and without even giving the salutation of the day, said, "I am going to India."

"Thank you for your confidence, Charles; and I verily believe it is the best, and indeed the only thing you can do."

Had Mr. Meredith been aware of Johanna's dangerous state, he would not so readily have given in to the project of Charles Badgebury, who could not restrain his tears when he mentioned this, his only cause of regret at leaving his native country.

"I will take care of Johanna—I will look after your lands, and I will furnish you with whatever cash you may want. You shall go out as befits your father's son, and when you have earned a moderate independence, come home again and claim Harriet Beverly. I tell you the citadel is well affected toward you, however cold the outworks may seem. I will keep up a constant correspondence with you while I live and some one else shall do it if I die before your return."

"Get me a letter from Miss Beverly to her uncle in India; she promised me one."

"I will—I will—I know all about him. A fine worthy man—something like yourself—left England from a disappointment in love. But you shall not stay so long as he has done. Get you gone to London. You shall not be under the thumb of that wretch, Jenkins, who rules your mother in all things; and I suspect is a thief as well as a spy."

Great was the consternation of Mrs. Badgebury, when she found that her son had taken her at her word, and that Johanna, in imminent danger, was still insisting on being taken to dear Miss Beverly. In complete bewilderment, she was compelled to go the physician to write a supplicatory note to Mrs. Arden, that she would persuade her young friend to return to Badgebury. An answer was returned, that Miss Beverly had undertaken the charge of a niece of Mrs. Arden's, at that lady's house, and could by no means leave her. The doctor wrote again, requesting a visit only, as his patient would neither rest nor take nourishment, and she must die if she continued in this state. It was thought Miss Beverly's influence might be beneficial. This was not to be refused, and accompanied by Mrs. Arden, she consented to see Johanna in the presence of a medical man, but not to encounter Mrs. Badgebury.

The doctor met the ladies as they entered, and shocked them with the information that all his art could not keep his patient alive many months, even if she survived the present attack. He begged Miss Beverly to indulge her in any reasonable request she might make, for as Mrs. Badgebury could not be brought to see the extreme danger, he felt himself in a peculiarly awkward situation. Mrs. Jenkins had declared it was all fancy, and from her decision there was no appeal. The moment Johanna saw Miss Beverly, she was overcome even to tears, took whatever she offered her, and only begged that she would take her away.

"You know, my dear Johanna, I never promise what I do not think I can perform. Your mamma would not suffer me to take you with me."

"But if I sleep, shall I see you again when I awake?"

Miss Beverly gave her that assurance, and Johanna, well knowing she might rely on it, soon composed herself to sleep, which the physician declared her only chance for life at this time. This salutary repose lasted three hours, but the first thing on waking, was a reiteration of her request, a favour the doctor much wished could be accorded her. He said the miasma arising from the stagnant canals round the house, was most injurious for diseased lungs, and that removal to a dryer air would prolong life, though he had faint hopes of perfect recovery. Mr. Meredith had arrived to meet the ladies, at their particular request, and was employed to negotiate with the obstinate mother, who, after a closeted consultation with her prime minister, Jenkins, agreed that her daughter and an attendant should be removed to Mrs. Arden's. She well knew that as the two doctors lived very near that lady's house, she would save more than the expense incurred, by the deduction of charge for three miles of journey every time they visited her. The consent of Mrs. Arden and her young friend was, by Mr. Meredith's advice granted, and the friendly physician immediately contrived a sort of bed in Mrs. Badgebury's old fashioned, roomy carriage, and accompanied his patient, well wrapped up, to her new habitation.

Judicious kindness and rational treatment soon effected more than medicine could do, and Johanna's delight at every thing round her, produced a wonderful alteration in a short time, which Mrs. Badgebury, in her frequent visits was compelled to see and acknowledge. But while, to that lady's apprehension, the clouds were clearing away in one quarter, they gathered with most ominous blackness in another, and that was on her domestic horizon. Mrs. Jenkins, free from the restraining presence of Charles Badgebury, carried on the speculations with so little prudence that the whole neighborhood rang with her misdeeds. That a woman of Mrs. Badgebury's economic temper should submit to such open robbery was a matter of astonishment to every one, and as the property abducted belonged of right to the master of the mansion, the mistress—all powerful as she was—did not escape the obloquy of being "art and part" in the delinquency. Mr. Meredith felt himself called on to interfere. The land, under his judicious and generous management, was assuming an aspect that made the hitherto sneering farmers anxious to hire large portions of it. Had he not a right to exert his power for Charles Badgebury's benefit within the house as well as out of it? A written document, equivalent to a power of attorney empowered him to do this.

He found Mrs. Badgebury in her dressing-room, attended by the culprit, who was now accustomed to remain when there was company, unless expressly ordered to leave the room. Mr. Meredith, with little ceremony, bade her begone, at which she showed her indignation by flouncing out of the room, and banging the door, contorting herself that the key-hole still remained.

"Mrs. Badgebury," said Mr. Meredith, laying aside his usual humorous way of speaking, "I feel it my duty to inform you, as well for your own sake, as for your son's, that articles belonging to him—articles of great value—have been carried out of the house and sold! Have you any knowledge of this?"

"I have been afraid of it," said Mrs. Badgebury, turning very pale, "but, alas! what can I do to prevent it?"

"Do! why, prosecute the thief, to be sure!"

"I should be loth to do that. I wish to be very merciful."

"Have you been merciful, Mrs. Badgebury, when you have allowed that serpent, Jenkins, to convey silver articles into innocent persons' boxes, and then charge them with theft?"

"Ah! Mr. Meredith, but it is not so now."

"I know it is not. The true thief is found, and you must prosecute."

"I cannot—indeed, I cannot."

"Then I will, for the property is your son's."

"It was bought with my money, sir."

"That makes no difference. All in this house is his, let who will purchase it. And he has empowered me to act for him in all cases, on the land and in the house."

Mrs. Badgebury trembled, but she still endeavored to shield the offender, till Mr. Meredith plainly told her she was suspected to be a participator in the fraud; she then most reluctantly gave him leave to summon Jenkins. She came, with her face flushed from mingled anger and insolence.

"Mrs. Jenkins," said the magistrate, "here is a heavy charge brought against you, which there are competent witnesses to prove. You have sold one of the tankards of this house for old silver."

"Who dares say it belonged to this house!" demanded she.

"I do. I know it by sure marks which you overlooked when you so cleverly defaced the arms; and so does the silversmith, in whose absence you sold it to one of his men; for it was purchased from his father by the late Mr. Badgebury, and your lady here, in the absence of her son, must prosecute you."

"I dare say she will!" cried the woman, with a scornful laugh.

"You must, Mrs. Badgebury. This is no time for fine feelings. She is an old offender, as I can prove to you, and you must prosecute her directly."

"I cannot, Mr. Meredith," and the generally haughty and self-possessed lady was pale and trembling.

"Then I must, madam; for I will not see the son of my friend thus defrauded. He has legally appointed me agent, to all his property during his absence from England. I will prosecute her."

"You had better do it, Mr. Meredith, pray do it directly," said the woman, insolently nodding her head between the phrases.

"Why, you impudent wretch, it is a hanging matter."

"It may be; but you know a gallows can hold more than one; and if I do hang, rely on it I will do it in very good company."

"We must not press this matter any further," said Mrs. Badgebury. "I will answer for Jenkins not doing it again."

"Why, madam, we are all liable to punishment for compounding of felony. We are bound by the law to prosecute, and if you will not do it, I must."

"Do, good man, do," said the woman, with a grin of defiance. "Do—hang me—and I will make my last dying speech and confession, which I will take good care you shall publish."

Mrs. Badgebury sunk from her chair in a fit, which bore the appearance of death; Mr. Meredith was transfixed with horror, but the wretch, Jenkins, stood with her arms folded, saying coolly, "Do not be frightened. The gallows is not so easily cheated. O, my conscience! I now recollect. I shall save myself by turning king's evidence." Mr. Meredith, however, soon compelled her to move to her lady's assistance by ringing the silver bell with all his might. On Juba's entrance, he desired every female in the house should be summoned. Mrs. Jenkins ordered Juba to stay where he was, and asked Mr. Meredith if he wished her tale to be told before its time."

"Missa dead?" cried Juba. "Then she no more pinchy, pinchy—cuffy, cuffy!"

"But I will cuff you and kick you too!" screamed the virago Jenkins, and poor Juba, probably well acquainted with her powers that way, shrunk cowering out of the room.

"Mr. Meredith," said she, in a lower tone, "you and I had better come to a right understanding. If I open my mouth, that woman dies by the law of the land. One single word of mine, dropped inadvertently before a third person, will put it out of your power, or even my own, to save her. You will see the wisdom of keeping on civil terms with me, for if I am much provoked, I cannot answer for my own tongue—see! she begins to recover—now, least said is soonest mended."

When Mrs. Badgebury was fully restored to sense, she wept and wrung her hands in agony.—But Jenkins began to soothe her. "Come, madam," said she, "there is no need for you to take on at this rate; no harm has been done yet. If you wish me to leave you, Sam, the butler, has offered to marry me, and if you will let me have the Gravel-pit farm, rent free for my life, I will go directly that Mr. Meredith may be satisfied."

Mrs. Badgebury caught at this as a drowning man does at a straw, as if she thought it would stop the mouth of this woman for ever. An agreement was drawn up by Mr. Meredith himself, and signed by those present, and with this document Mrs. Jenkins triumphantly left the house, as soon as a cart could be found large enough to take her various moveables.

Mr. Meredith remained full of thoughts he dared not utter, till Mrs. Badgebury was quite composed, and a ruddy cheeked housemaid, with a smile like a Hebe, was elected *pro tempore*, to the honor of being lady's maid. He then left the house, with his mind in a state of bewildering excitement.

CHAPTER IV.

In the course of a few weeks, Johanna appeared to be quite restored to health, with the exception of a slight cough, which the candid and friendly physician said was quite enough to prove that the disease was not eradicated. Mrs. Badgebury saw her often and began to express wishes for her to return. There was no obstacle to this but Miss Beverly, who could not go back to Badgebury, and Johanna would not go without her; a tinge of her original obstinacy remaining which no efforts could subdue. Circumstances, unknown to any one of the party at Mrs. Arden's, induced Mr. Meredith to become a suppliant that this request might be attended to. He urged that Mrs. Badgebury was in extremely low spirits, being thus without either of her children; that she was much altered in her temper, being milder and thoughtful; and above all, that she was no longer under the influence of Mrs. Jenkins, who was married and settled on her farm, where she had already commenced playing the Xantippe to her tippling husband. Perhaps these reasons would not so easily have prevailed, but Miss Beverly had lately received letters from India, with large remittances in money, and a highly valuable package of gold muslins and ivory fans; she therefore felt herself quite independent, and had not so much objection to go as a visiter, the kind Mrs. Arden releasing her from the engagement with her niece. Her uncle had gladdened her heart by stating that he was on the point of returning to his beloved country.

The gold muslins and fans were soon distributed. Johanna was not forgotten, but the most splendid were reserved for Mrs. Badgebury, and with pleasureable feelings, long strangers to her, she once more entered the doors of Badgebury. The whole household rejoiced, from the housekeeper down to Juba, and even the lapdog and parrot shouted their welcome in very different tones from those in which they had first saluted her. The housemaid who had succeeded Jenkins was beginning to acquire some notions of gentility by her constant residence in the dressing-room, and received such valuable hints from Miss Beverly, on soothing an irritable temper, paying proper attention to the wants of her mistress as well as conscientious discharge of all her minor duties, that she was soon declared to be an invaluable Abigal. The return to Badgebury seemed to be beneficial to all parties but poor Johanna, who gradually declined till even her mother's eyes were opened to her danger. Change of air could now be of little use as it was in the very depth of a lengthened frosty winter, and Miss Beverly was consoled by the doctor's assurance that nothing could have kept off this relapse, and that it was a matter of wonder it had not come on at Mrs. Arden's, which would have been distressing to all parties.

When Mrs. Badgebury received the gold muslin and ivory fan, at that time of great value, she was so enraptured that she begged Miss Beverly to tell her how she could make her a suitable return.

"My greatest wish is to see a well painted portrait of Miss Badgebury," was the modest answer. A chord was touched, to which maternal affection and family pride strongly responded, and one of the best artists of the day received a summons of Badgebury. He was a young man of promising talents and availed himself of a hint to wait the moment when the hectic flush gave almost more than mortal beauty to the cheek and eye of the subject. He caught an attitude of peculiar grace, when Johanna, forgetful of her illness, bounded with somewhat of infantile glee across the room; her simple white frock flowing back in graceful folds; and adding a thin scarf flying behind her, with her clustering curls thrown back from her alabaster forehead, a picture was completed that delighted every eye.

"Had the man who painted me," said Mrs. Badgebury, "made me any thing like that, it would not have been standing at this moment in the garret, with its face turned to the wall." The artist did not smile, but a quiet expression of humor winked in his eye when he turned to Miss Beverly and requested she would sit to him for a companion portrait. She hesitated, till Mrs. Badgebury, on hearing him say he considered himself already remunerated, joined him, and Johanna pleaded with all her artless eloquence.

Perhaps never had portrait painter labored so hard, but he could neither please himself nor Johanna, who accustomed to the ever varying expression of that beautiful countenance, could not reconcile herself to the fixed look, but at length, in moving about, she fancied the eyes followed her, and that was a miracle to her, overcoming all other objections. Mrs. Badgebury said it was a little flattered, but could get no one to be of the same opinion. The two pictures were hung in the dressing room, and all but worshipped by Juba and Betty, now called Mrs. Morgan.

Miss Beverly insisted on the artist's accepting a ring, equal in value to the price of the portrait, adding that she was still much in his debt, but that she had reason to hope she should have more employment for his pencil on the return of her uncle. She sighed, when she thought how soon Johanna's portrait would be all that was left to remind the world that such a being had existed, and it was a salutary lesson to herself, that her own would one day be a mockery of age and wrinkles, if not earlier of insensate clay. "This," said she mentally, "is the proper mode of viewing lovely portraits."

Six heavy months passed, marked only by increasing weakness in Johanna, until she was unable to rise from her bed. Her faithful friend was with her night and day, taking what little rest she got on a couch by the bedside. One day, when Mrs. Badgebury was paying her usual visit of inquiry, and striving still to deceive the dying child with the assurances of recovery, she was much surprised by a request from Johanna to Miss Beverly, that she might be left for one whole hour alone with her mamma. The hour passed, and the child had evidently been weeping, but on the mother's face was an expression that never afterwards left it for a moment. The Bible lay open on the bed, and from the passage to which the attenuated finger pointed, it was plain there had been a teaching of no common order. The child had been teaching the parent—had made that parent call up long buried visions of past years, and without knowing how deeply she was probing, had fixed the arrow of remorse in a heart which nothing had ever touched before. If Mrs. Badgebury was not converted, she was at least changed. She shut herself up in her small dressing closet, where, as it should seem, her crimes visited her in characters of fire; for, even when Johanna, after lingering beyond all expectation, breathed her last gentle sigh on the bosom of that faithful friend, who had taught her there was another and a better world, the mother shed no tear, exhibited no sorrow, and after a short time, resumed her usual habits; but it was with an eye that still seemed fixed on the white finger of her child, pointing to the awful page of truth.

The unhappy woman of wealth was now an object of the deepest compassion. Miss Beverly readily promised to stay with her till her son came home, for Mr. Meredith had written to him, the moment no hope remained for Johanna, entreating him to return immediately. But voyages to and from the East Indies were, at that time, more than nine months in duration. The summer and the winter, too, must pass away before he could reasonably be expected. It was in vain that Miss Beverly tried all her powers of amusing, or that Mr. Meredith exerted himself to the same purpose, Mrs. Badgebury was more like an automaton than a living, sentient being. Mr. Meredith had some clue to this; he saw that conscience, with its pale finger and no noise, was pointing to a shadowy group of images, of what nature, only herself and one other being on earth could conjecture. It was in vain that he told her of the improved state of the property; of the recovery of some debts that had been considered hopeless. She once lifted her head and said with a sigh, "Of what use is wealth!" So extraordinary a speech from Mrs. Badgebury, led to the opinion that she must be unsettled in her intellects. Great part of her time was passed in sleep, and she was happy if able to pass nearly the whole of every afternoon in this manner. There were precious hours to Miss Beverly and the good-humored Mrs. Morgan, who could then respectively seek their widely differing amusements. The last named person one day said, with great glee, that she had procured the key of a room she had long desired to see. It had not been opened since Mr. Badgebury's death, but it was well known there were some very fine pictures there, for some of the family remembered the closing up of the door. "I hope you will go with me Miss!" said she, "for I shall not be able to venture alone."

Pictures of any kind had a charm for Harriet Beverly, who had a cultivated taste, superior to most young women of that day. She saw nothing wrong in Morgan's curiosity, as the old housekeeper had entrusted her with the key, and, therefore, without hesitation accompanied her. It was a lofty, well-lighted room, though called a garret, and most of the pictures were turned toward the wall. There was one so like Charles Badgebury that she actually started at the first glance at it, but the dress soon convinced her it was that of his father, giving his gun to a Hindoo attendant. A very handsome resemblance of Mrs. Badgebury was here, though she had not thought it handsome enough, and one of a Hindoo woman, who, though dark, had an interesting countenance.

"This," said Morgan, "is Juba's mother; she died soon after he was born." She turned round another picture, and her florid cheek lost its color. "I know who this is," said she, in a low voice, as if afraid of being overheard, "though I never saw her, and there are few that ever say a word about her. Some people think more than they like to say."

It was the portrait of a beautiful woman in the dress of an Alma or dancing girl of Hindostan. Her rich and fanciful costume was arranged in bands over her chest and shoulders, leaving a triangular space quite bare under her left arm. Her beauty, though striking, was of that order from which the delicate mind of Miss Beverly revolted. She was much fairer than the mother of Juba, but there was a mildness in the rich dark eyes of the latter, quite of the Hindoo character, different from the stolid sensual African, or the deadly lurking expression of the American Indian. Morgan said the attendant in Mr. Badgebury's picture was Juba's father, and that they both died from the coldness of the English climate. Not so the other. At this moment they heard Mrs. Badgebury's bell, and hastily left the room, after carefully locking up the door.

Time goes on equally with the young and the old; the innocent and gay, or the stricken in heart or conscience. All seemed happy and contented in the house but its mistress. Miss Beverly, whatever anxieties she might have, was always too well employed to suffer intensely; Morgan was learning something every day, and Juba, no longer starved or beaten, grew rapidly and waited most assiduously on every one who needed his services. It seemed as if the habitual indolence of the Hindoo natives was confined to the climate, for Juba was by no means one of those who think it is better to sit than to walk, better to sleep than to sit, and to die better than all. The estate improved in value every day and as if all things conspired to enrich the house of Badgebury, the ci devant Mrs. Jenkins, in a furious quarrel with her drunken husband, broke a blood-vessel and died, without being able to utter a single word of confession or supplication. Mrs. Badgebury, on receiving the intelligence, was observed to clasp her hands and aspirate a thanksgiving. Those who knew her former habits, supposed it was on account of the farm reverting to herself again; but they were surprised by her giving orders that the husband should still remain on the land, and promising him every indulgence if he would but quit his habits of intemperance. When some one expressed surprise at this, she again exclaimed "Of what use is wealth!"

Miss Beverly seized this moment to point out the best use of riches; she named many sick, aged, broken-hearted and destitute in the immediate neighborhood. Mrs. Badgebury placed a well-filled purse in her hand, saying "Go!—Purchase the pardon of my sins, by distributing this!" and seemed happier, but when Miss Beverly conscientiously explained to her that money could not purchase pardon, she relapsed into her former gloom, saying, in a despairing tone, "Then, there is no hope for me." When an explanation was attempted, she stopped her. "Go—I know all you would say. Distribute the money according to your own judgment. It may, at least, bring a blessing on yourself."

"It will return in rich blessings on your own head, my dear madam; I hope and trust in the way you most need. The prayers of the poor do not often fail."

It was now nearly two years since Charles Badgebury had sailed for India, and no tidings had been received of him. Many hearts were anxious on his account, but his mother merely asked Mr. Meredith occasionally, when it might be thought he would return? He answered that many accidents might happen to delay letters, and that ships go and come only at certain seasons of the year. She heard him without any emotion, and was still more inexplicable, she never reverted to Johanna, though her image in all the freshness of youth and loveliness, hung directly before her usual seat. Her eyes were generally fixed on the ground, her arms folded; and when her lips moved, they seldom uttered a sound. Mr. Meredith contrived one day to introduce a neighboring clergyman, who bore the reputation of wisdom and goodness; but whether this excellent man wanted tact, or whether there was an obduracy about Mrs. Badgebury's heart, that he could not penetrate, it produced no good; and he left her with a confirmed opinion that there was physical ailment if not absolute insanity.

The sole amusement left for this unhappy woman, was to pace the great hall in company with Miss Beverly and Mr. Meredith, who came as often as possible to the relief of his fair friend, whose spirits were failing under the sad monotony of her existence. It was in vain that they tried to lead her into conversation; it was only at intervals that she uttered some broken sentence, generally alluding to past years, and sometimes descriptive of the deep melancholy that had marked Mr. Badgebury's last days, when he, too, paced that hall, never in company, but invariably silent and alone.

It was on the evening of a spring day, when the bright and garish sunbeams streamed in on our staircase, and touched with light the massy carved oaken pillar at the top, that Mr. Meredith spoke of the arrival of a Bombay fleet of merchantmen in the Downs, and stated his confident expectations of letters. Mrs. Badgebury gave but little heed to the conversation, or to surrounding objects, till the roll of a carriage was heard on the gravel sweep that intersected the lawn in front of the house. She then started, and said hastily, she could not receive company. But the shrill voice of Juba rang joyfully through the hall, and the folding doors flying open, two gentlemen entered, the one pale and middle aged, the other Charles Badgebury. The stranger instantly folded Miss Beverly to his heart, while Mr. Meredith seized one of his hands and hailed his as an old friend. Charles advanced to his mother, who stood, statue-like, to receive him, but when he glanced at her mourning dress and pale countenance, tears attested his vivid feelings and she was so far moved that she embraced him. Some thought seemed to dart with rapidity through her mind, for leading him to Miss Beverly without noticing the stranger, she said, "Take her Charles! she is worthy of a Badgebury. And if my blessing"—she stopped short, and her eye turned on vacancy as if to follow some one through the distance of the hall. Charles Badgebury respectfully kissed the fair hand his mother had placed in his, and said, "My dear madam, you must ask Miss Beverly if she will take me; for I am returned from India no richer than I went, while she is declared heiress of wealth that will far exceed yours."

"Alas! what is the use of wealth?" said Mrs. Badgebury, with one of her despairing looks. Charles was lost in amazement, but Mr. Meredith said, "It is worth everything, when it will make two such beings as these happy."

"Then they shall have it all mine, and I will go to the Grange house, and pass the rest of my days in penitence and seclusion."

"Not so, my dearest madam," said Harriet, embracing her. "If I am so far honored as to become your daughter, I will pay you all a daughter's reverence."

"No—no—no! you are young—you are innocent. Why should I bring misery among you. I will bless you—if I dare—and then I will leave you." This was uttered with a wildness of look that convinced each one present it was better not to press the matter further.

When Charles Badgebury reached Bombay, he found Mr. Beverly preparing to return to England. He did not conceal his feelings from that gentleman, who promised him all his influence with his niece, but strongly advised him not to remain in India to lose his health as too many had done, and which in his own case the utmost prudence had not entirely prevented. He declared his intention of immediately settling such a sum of money on Miss Beverly, as would propitiate the mother, if she were not more than unreasonable, and in all probability, she would inherit his whole fortune at his death. On their return, they proceeded first to Mrs. Arden's where they learned all that had passed during the last two years. When they heard all that Harriet Beverly had done, her care of Johanna, her forgiveness of all injuries, and her subsequent kindness to his unhappy mother, Charles was deeply affected, as well as with the present state of that mother whom he was now impatient to console. This he found beyond his power, and it was with heartfelt misgiving that he was compelled to permit Mr. Beverly and his niece to depart, certain that the sweet voice and soothing attentions of the latter were indispensable to Mrs. Badgebury, in the morbid, wayward state, into which she had, to him, unaccountably fallen.

The preparation of the house at the Grange offered a temporary relief. It was carried on with a wonderful celerity, and then there remained no obstacle to the union of the lovers. Mrs. Badgebury was more impatient for this than she had been for the fitting up of her house, and restless till the day was fixed.

As the society of his niece was a new found delight for Mr. Beverly, it was arranged that he should be allowed to complete the west wing for himself, and that the happy Juba should be his personal attendant. This served to amuse Mrs. Badgebury in the interval that was necessary before the marriage, and to their surprise she never once mentioned the Grange again.

The moment the interesting ceremony was performed she exclaimed, "Now I have done with all things; and should be quite happy if you could keep Imalaya out of my sight." This was the first decided instance of mental aberration, but from that moment she sat fifteen days in a state of apparent unconsciousness, her eyes fixed on a particular part of the wainscot of her dressing-room, and giving no other indications of life than by gently twisting her fingers into a few hairs on one side of her head, and pulling them out, till she had perfectly denuded a large space behind her right ear. She was fed, dressed and undressed without opposition on her part, but no sound passed her lips. She partially recovered from this state, but never quite regained her senses or spoke more than a few words at a time. It was a comfort to Charles and his bride, that she seemed to feel neither pain nor sorrow, but they knew not of the barb that was fixed deep in her heart.

The pictures were all taken from the garret, and arranged on the wainscotting of the hall. It was now that Harriet understood that the beautiful Hindoo had been called Imalaya. Mrs. Badgebury one day fixed her eyes on this picture and shrieked. "Why," said she, "do you forever fix those piercing eyes on me? If the cup was drugged, it was Jenkins showed me how to do it! I never should have thought of it myself, jealous as I was. And my husband, too! Oh! do not reproach me with that look! I have suffered enough! My temper has been my tyrant!" The unhappy victim of a slow but never dying remorse, fell on the floor, and when she was raised they found life was quite extinct.

EARLY RISING.—The air in the morning is more bracing and balmy than during any other part of the day. Every boy or girl who can be spared from household affairs should be abroad with the lark and the robin, inhaling it. What will your sons or daughters be good for if you allow them to be dozing, and dreaming, and breathing carbon in a close room, and dreading to get up when they ought to be out brushing off the dew-drops from the flowers, and listening to the minstrels of the orchard and grove! It is easier for a child to rise at five o'clock than at seven.

From the Arcturus, for August.

The Cabaret.

Promenading among lindens may doubtless be very agreeable at times, except upon the night of St. Sylvester, when the frost is splitting the stones, and the storm is driving against the face whirlwinds of snow. For Myself, I came to this satisfactory conclusion as I ran bare-headed and cloakless, while the night wind met the fevered gusts of heat in my frame. I passed the bridge of the opera near the chateau; I turned again and traversed the Pont-aux-Ecluses, leaving the Exchange behind me. I was in the street of the Chasseurs, near the shop of Thiermann. The soft light shone from the windows: I was about to enter, for I was perishing with cold and dying with thirst, when a noisy troop issued forth in great force. They were talking of superb Oysters, and the delicious vintage of 1811. I involuntarily made a few steps in the street, and stopped before a cabaret illuminated by one single light. Henry V. of Shakespeare was once reduced to such a degree of weariness and modesty as to think of the poor creature, small-beer. The same thing happened to myself. I felt thirsty for a bottle of good English beer, and threw myself speedily into the inn. "What will you have, sir?" said the inn-keeper, who advanced toward me cheerfully, touching his bonnet with his hand. I called for a bottle of beer, a pipe and tobacco, and soon found myself in a state of quietude so profound that the case itself respected it and left me in repose.

Without hat or cloak, I must have appeared singular enough to the worthy inmates. Some query was lost on the lips of the host as there was heard a knocking at the window. A voice cried out in a high pitch for admission. The inn-keeper made his exit in a hurry, and returned immediately, holding two lights aloft in his hands, followed by a tall thin man. In passing beneath the low portal, he neglected to stoop, and struck his head roughly, but a black bonnet he wore received the blow and preserved him safe from all harm. He took particular care to pass as closely as possible to the wall and seat himself before me, face to face, while the lights were placed on the table. He might be said to wear the look of a fascinating and at the same time discontented man. He called angrily for beer and a pipe, which he had scarcely whiffed when we were enveloped in a cloud of smoke. Withal his physiognomy was so characteristic and attractive, that I was charmed with him at once, in spite of his gloomy manner. His hair, black and abundant, was separated in front and fell on each side in curls resembling the portraits of Rubens. When he threw off his vast cloak, I saw that he was dressed in a black kurtka, ornamented by various folds; but what surprised me more was, that he wore elegant slippers over his boots. I noticed, as he shook his pipe, that he had smoked it in five minutes. Conversation was kept up with difficulty between us; the stranger appeared too much occupied with all sorts of rare plants, which he drew from a traveling bag and examined with interest. I testified my admiration for his beautiful plants, and as they appeared freshly gathered I asked if he had obtained them in the Botanic Garden or from Boucher. He smiled oddly as he replied, "Botany does not seem to be your forte; otherwise you never had asked a question so,"—he hesitated—I added in a low tone, "so ridiculous." "Exactly," he answered, with no little frankness; "an eye more practiced than your own would have recognized at once these Alpine plants, such as grow on the summit of Chimborazo."

The stranger pronounced these last words in a low tone, and the reader may well imagine they threw me into a very remarkable state of mind. Questions died upon my lips, but confused presentiments arose before me, and it seemed that without having often seen the stranger, I had at least dreampt of him.

There was a fresh knock at the window; the host opened the door, and a voice was heard, "Have the goodness to cover your mirror!"

"Ah! ah!" said the host, "it is General Suwarow, who comes something late." The landlord covered the mirror, when a little weakly man leapt into the cellar with clumsy speed, or if I may be allowed the expression, with a ponderous levity. He wore a mantle of a singular color, verging upon brown, and whilst the little man frisked about the chamber, the mantle, which formed innumerable folds, floated around him in an incredible manner, so that by the light of the flambeaux there seemed a crowd of figures to unfold and return upon themselves again like the phantasmagoria of Ensler. He continually rubbed one hand against the other under his capacious sleeves, crying out, "cold, cold, it is cold indeed; in Italy, it is another thing, a different element entirely." He finally seated himself between the first stranger and myself. "Here is an insupportable smoke," said he, "tobacco upon tobacco—if I had only a pinch." I had with me a tobacco box of polished steel, which had been given me as a present. I drew it from my pocket, intending to offer a pinch to my little neighbor—who scarcely perceived it when he seized it violently with both hands, and thrust it back, crying out, "away! away! the abominable mirror!"

His voice inspired me with horror, and when I raised my eyes to look at him, he had become quite another person. The diminutive gentleman had leaped into the cellar with a sportive and youthful physiognomy—now, his visage was pale, withered, with the furrows of an old man about his hollow eyes. Affrighted, I approached his neighbor. I desired to warn him, but he took no part in what was passing, wholly absorbed in the contemplation of his plants from Chimborazo. At this moment, Suwarow demanded "some wine of the north," in phraseology not at all well picked. Conversation somewhat animated him after a while, but the man in the cloak did not wholly reconcile me to him again. but the other could speak of apparently the most frivolous things with grace and meaning, although he had to contend with a strange language, sometimes introducing unaccustomed words, which only gave his remarks a more piquant originality. Thus gaining rapidly in my esteem, he weakened the disagreeable impression of his chance companion.

The latter individual seemed to be seated on springs, for he did nothing but move his chair from one side to the other; he gesticulated rapidly with both hands, but a torrent of cold sweat ran from my hair when I ascertained clearly that he used two different faces. Above all he affected to get back his first visage to look upon our companion, whose calm and tranquil air contrasted with his mobility.

In this grand masquerade they call life, often the spirit looks out with keen eye beyond its mask, recognising those of its kind, as it happened to us three persons, so wholly different from the rest of men, we looked upon, and knew one another in the cabaret. Our conversation took the sombre turn, incident only to those souls deeply diseased, wounded to death. "There's another nail standing out in the path of life," said the earliest of my two acquaintances. "Heavens! sir," I exclaimed, "how busy the devil is in fixing nails for us in all places; in the walls of our apartments, in the woods, in the thickets of roses. We pass no place without leaving there something of our spoils. It appears to me, gentlemen, that each one of us has met with some similar loss. I, for one, have lost this evening my hat and cloak, both are suspended on a nail, as you say, in the antechamber of the counsellor of justice."

The little man and his companion started as if they had been struck by an unforeseen blow. The dwarf looked upon me frightfully, with his ancient countenance, but jumped promptly on a chair, and re-fastened the veil which hung over the mirror, whilst the other carefully snuffed the candles.—Conversation was renewed with difficulty. A young painter was spoken of, by the name of Philip, who had just finished the portrait of a princess, inspired in his work by the genius of love, and the desire of perfection religiously planted in his soul by his sincere passion. "It is a striking likeness," said the stranger, "but it is not a portrait—it is the very reflection of her image." "It is indeed," I answered, "as much as if it were stolen from the glass."

The shorter gentleman thrust himself violently out of his chair, and regarding me with his *old* visage, and with eyes burning with anger, cried out, "it is ridiculous—it is insanity. Who could steal an image from the glass? was it the devil did it? Yes, yes, my good sir, he would break the glass with his blunt claws, and cover with his wounds and blood the white and delicate hands of a lady's image. It is madness. Give *me* the image stolen out of a mirror, and I will send it a dangerous journey of two or three thousand miles in the air—the stupid idea!"

His neighbor got up, stepped toward our companion, and remarked, "be a little less embarrassed, my friend, a little more modest, for I am pretty well assured, that your own reflection is in a rather pitiable condition." "Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the dwarf; "that indeed is said with a good grace. I, at least, carry with me my beautiful shadow, you miserable scoundrel, I have, at least, my shadow." At these words he fled; we heard him laughing and dancing in the street, "my shadow—I have, at least, my shadow."

My remaining companion had fallen in his chair, pale and breathless; he leant his head on his hands, and drew a stifling sigh from the bottom of his breast. "What is the matter with you?" I asked with eagerness. "Oh, my dear sir," he replied, "this wretched fellow who has so villianously appeared to us, who has followed me to this cellar, my customary cabaret, where I have ordinarily been alone, or at worst, visited by some imp who would squat under the table and mump the crumbs of bread—this vile fellow has plunged me in an abyss of misfortunes. Alas, I have lost without return, my ——— adieu!"

He rose, traversed the chamber, and gained the door. All was brilliant around him—he projected no shadow. Ravished, I ran in pursuit. Peter Schlemihl! Peter Schlemihl! I cried, full of joy; but he had thrown off his slippers. I saw him pass before the barracks of the gendarmes, and disappear in the night.

When I wished to return to the cellar, the innkeeper shut the door in my face, and cried, "God preserve me from such guests!"

A RATTLE.—"Rap! rap! rap!" went the tin pedlar's whip against the door. A laughing damsel thrust her blooming face out of the chamber window above, with, "We want none of your tin trumpery here, sir." "I have all kinds," retorted Jonathan, "hadn't you better buy a *rattle*?"